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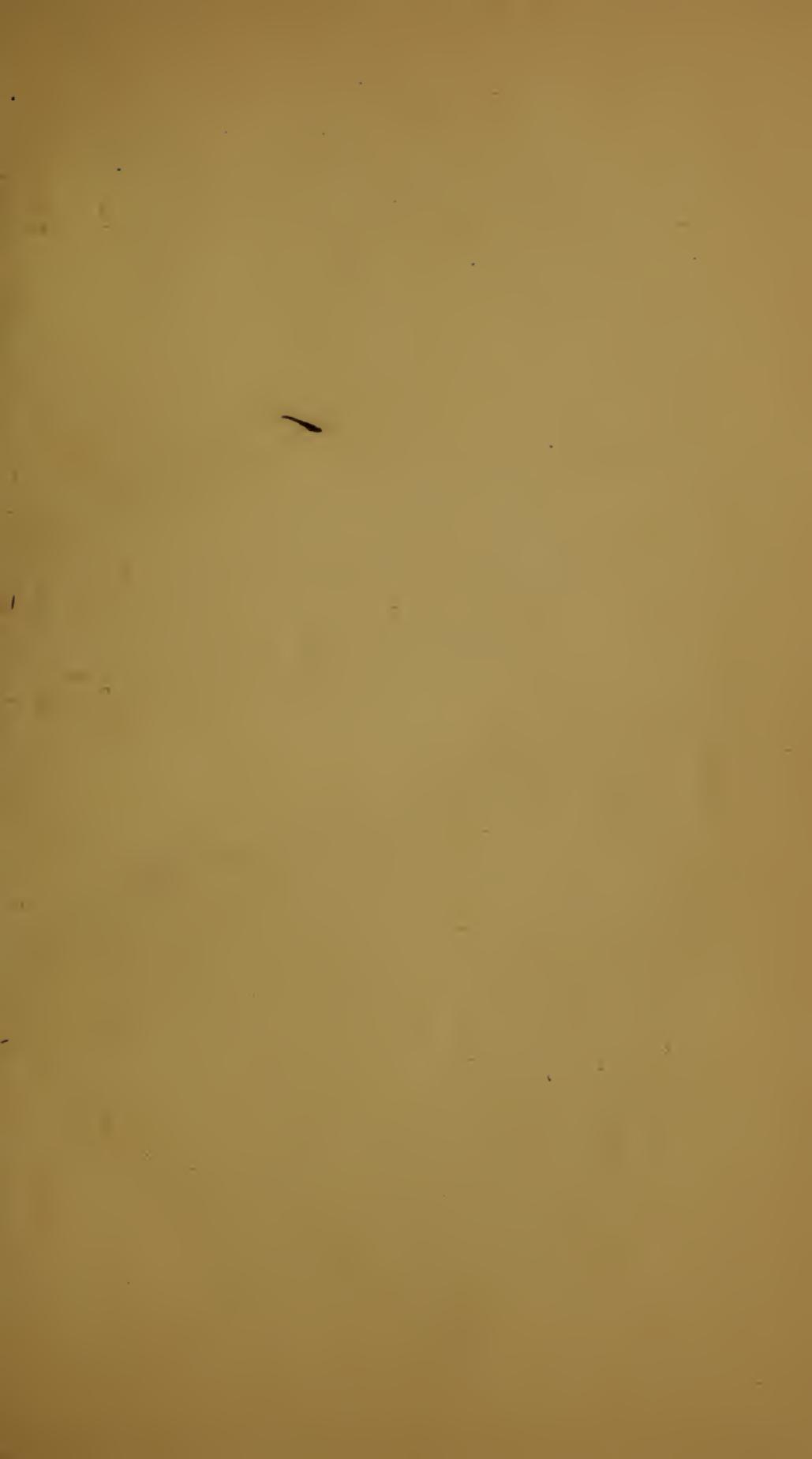
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THE
CENTAUR NOT FABULOUS.

IN FIVE LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

Edwards
BY DR. YOUNG. 1684-1765

ABRIDGED AND REVISED,

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY L. CARROLL JUDSON,

AUTHOR OF THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE SIGNERS OF THE
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, PROBE, &C.

Pleasure is like the rainbow's form,
It vanishes amid the storm.—*Burns.*

Sooner an aged stubborn oak may bend,
And the firm flinty rock to pieces rend,
Than he relent, whose tongue the incarnate God denies.
Marsden.

PHILADELPHIA :
G. B. ZIEBER & CO.
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P R E F A C E .

IN presenting this little volume to the public, in an abridged, revised, and modernised form, the writer has aimed to convey, in a more brief and simple form, the important truths of the original, which was published nearly one hundred years ago. It was personal, and contained many Latin, and a few Greek quotations, understood by none but the classical scholar. Although this abridgment retains but a small portion of the original text, the sentiments of Dr. Young have been carefully preserved, in language as plain, but less blunt. The appended notes will be found interesting.

Its new dress and quaint style, may induce some to read it, who would reject the grave subjects discussed, if in a more ministerial garb. It is a chart of human nature, designed for all classes and sects—all who desire a knowledge of that cap-stone of the climax of paradoxes—that budget of contradictions—that crowning glory of creation—MAN.

Go, thou little messenger, heed not the critic, demean thyself with meekness and kindness towards all—and may thy well-aimed efforts be crowned with abundant success.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 17, 1846.

L. CARROLL JUDSON,
of the Philadelphia Bar.

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THE CENTAUR NOT FABULOUS.

LETTER I.

PLEASURE.

DEAR SIR—Alarmed at the prevailing passion for PLEASURE that is preying, like a Promethean vulture, upon the vitals of the dearest institutions of our beloved country, you press me to write upon this subject. The *occasion* calls louder upon me, and others who feel anxious to promote the happiness of immortal souls, to do so, than my *friend* can possibly call. Where is the philanthropist, who can wield a pen, that can forbear? If the present canine ap-

petite for PLEASURE should increase, in the same ratio it has for some years past, how large must that Bedlam be, to contain the ruined devotees, to whom humanity will extend her warm hand, when PLEASURE kicks them out of her pestiferous palaces, after robbing them of their last penny?

Your enjoining on me *one* task, involves *another*. INFIDELITY and PLEASURE, walk arm in arm—they reciprocally generate each other. Eve doubted, and then ate. He that disbelieves a futurity, must build his superstructure of happiness on a terrestrial foundation, and eagerly swallow sensual delights, enjoy the demands of creature appetite, for to-morrow he dies and is lost in nonentity. Thus, INFIDELITY loosens the reins of PLEASURE, and bids it range, unrestrained, through the labyrinthian mazes of fancied delights, prepared by

the enemy of souls—the avenues to present misery and future torment. To affect one, we must strike at both. Eve and the serpent fell together. Pleasure, like her, plucks the forbidden fruit—Infidelity, like him, says, *Thou shalt not surely die*. One seizes the body—the other the mind, and when these two meet, destruction is almost inevitable. To extract these fiery darts—these barbed and poisoned arrows, is the *ultimatum* of my heart's desire.

As the mind is our superior part, I shall first speak of INFIDELITY and then of PLEASURE. I will aim to speak of both, so as to render it the province of *Wit*, not of *Wisdom*, to reply. What may silence Wisdom, will provoke Wit, whose ambition is, to say *most* where *least* should be said. We can as soon silence Echo by increasing sound, as Wit by force of reason. They will both

increase their noise and have the last word. We have men of brilliant talents and wit in our country, who boldly support folly, traduce wisdom, and hug PLEASURE so closely, that HAPPINESS is suffocated in the *Centaur* embrace. HAPPINESS and PLEASURE, as Wisdom and Wit, are friends or foes—if the latter, they are of the bitterest kind. Rational PLEASURE is a child of Happiness—discreet Wit, a flower of Wisdom—but when these petty subalterns supplant their principals, one makes a miserable *wretch*, the other a gross *fool*,—the former calling for our compassion, the latter for our contempt. With the talents of an angel, a man may be void of that wisdom which leads to true happiness. When great talents are employed in perverting truth, they generate errors of fearful magnitude in mind and practice. What more awful, than for Infidelity to

gather strength as age advances, to smile on the terrors of a death-bed, and bequeath proud legacies of its poison to the rising generation? This is carrying the war into the very borders of the dread Being they dare oppose, desperately presuming to achieve a victory in their graves, when irrecoverably folded in the endless coils of the deathless worm, armed with the scorpion sting of the second death.

Blind infatuation! The plea of ignorance can no longer avail. The full blaze of Gospel truth and Divine revelation have shone upon them with meridian splendor. They are wilfully blind—obstinately perverse. *Natural* religion is their idol—God and revealed religion they affect to despise. Moral precepts they profess to respect—but seldom put them in practice. Reason is their golden calf, and in their blind devotions to it,

they trample on the authority of the great Jehovah, and strike at an oak with an osier. The doctrine planted by God, the growth of ages—they endeavor to annihilate with the fortuitous sprouts of imagination—the abortive shoots of an hour.

Thus the sluices are opened wide for all sensuality and studied arts of excess to pour in, uncontrolled. Bacchus and Venus are presented with a new apotheosis under this Christian era, and are deluged with daily sacrifices of fortune, health, reputation, happiness, and all that detracts from the dignity of man, originally stamped on him by his Creator, and that transforms him into a CENTAUR.*

The Infidel and voluptuary ask,

* CENTAURI. A people of Thessaly, half men and half horse. The most generally received account is, that they were the offspring of Centaurus, son of Apollo, by Stilbia, daughter of the Peneus. According

“Why desist from pleasurable enjoyments? Why starve at a feast Nature’s God has set before us? To what end are desires and appetites implanted in us, if not to be satisfied? Anger and Lust, if constitutional, are venial sins.”

I answer, desires and appetites were given us with an intention doubly kind, as a means both of pleasure and virtue, if gratified and restrained as revealed religion directs; but the moment this highway to pure happiness is abandoned,

to some, the Centaurs were the fruit of Ixion’s adventure with the cloud, in the shape of Juno.

This fable of the existence of Centaurs, arose from the ancient people of Thessaly having tamed horses, and appeared mounted upon them. Half horse, half alligator, and a sprinkling of snapping turtle, was unknown in those days.

The most celebrated of the Centaurs were, Chiron, Eurytus, Amycus, Gryneus, Caumas, Lycidas, Arneus, Medon, Rhætus, Pisenor, Mermeros, Pholas, &c. Most of them were extirpated by Hercules.—*Walker’s Classical Dictionary.*

dangers accumulate around the bewildered traveller, as he pursues the broad road that leads to wretchedness and ruin.

To what cause can we trace the sad effects upon the human mind, seducing the man from the allegiance he owes his Creator and Lord? To that fiend of destruction—UNBELIEF. Want of faith in the immaculate Redeemer, and in the glorious plan of salvation, revealed to the fallen race of Adam, is the fatal rock on which the Infidel is riven. Although he may lead a moral life and avoid indulging in the routine of sensual pleasure, still, he would be an angel of light with a cloven foot, the poison is there that opens wide the door to destruction—for the just live by faith in the Son of God, and no one will ever enter Heaven without it. When Unbelief controls the heart, it sends up the fumes of infatuation to the head, and produces a delirium

of judgment, a perversion of the will, and, like *Delilah*, will blind the man of might. At first, it may, like a few grains of opium, only soothe the pains of the subject, inflicted by that faithful guardian, *Conscience*, by such soft whispers as these: "Heaven takes no cognizance of our actions, if not in the calendar of criminal offences, or is not so much concerned about them as some imagine. Its mercy will not suffer Justice to be so severe as to punish *temporal* guilt with *eternal* pain." This quieting anodyne prepares junior Infidels to take a full and conquering *quantum* of absolute Unbelief, while it drives them to the fatal and deluded conclusion, that a Deity is a dream and Religion a cheat. They then throw off their fears, deny their God, violate common sense, and are prepared to go the broad road with a rush, flaming into vice and darkening

into error, until they reach the awful vortex of the Maelstrom of iniquity. "Who" say they, "can swallow the mysteries of your faith, drawn from that dark fountain, the Bible?" None, I admit, but those who think it no dishonor to their understanding, to credit their Creator. *Socinus*,* like our Infidels, was narrowed down by unbelief, denied the Trinity, and, out of generous feelings for truth, undertook to weed out all mysteries from the Scriptures, and render them, in the plenitude of his infallible reason, after a lapse of fifteen hundred years, undisgusting and palatable

* SOCINUS FAUSTUS, from whom the Socinians derive their name, was born at Sienna, in 1539, and was, for a considerable time in the service of the grand duke of Tuscany, after which he read Theology at Basil. The result of his studies, was the adoption of those anti-Trinitarian doctrines, which, for a time, did much to strengthen Infidelity, and draw many from the clear fountain of pure religion. He died in 1694. —*Davenport's Biog. Dic.*

to all the *rational* part of mankind, such as preferred *present* enjoyment to *future* felicity. His plan made religion as familiar and inoffensive, as it was unscriptural and corrupt. We grasp many things with our hands, that our understandings cannot comprehend. Why then deny to Deity the privilege of being *one* of the multitude of mysteries he has made?

The TRINITY is one of the greatest rocks of offence in the way of unbelievers, because this revelation is the necessary foundation of Christianity, and a lucid demonstration of its truth. *Because* it is a mystery, which could not possibly have entered into the imagination of *man*, they endeavor to explode and reject it, forgetting that their inability to comprehend it is a strong argument in its favor, and heightens our attachment to this important article of our faith, sup-

porting *us* in it, for the very cause that leads *them* to condemn it.

Those great and hidden mysteries in the Christian Religion, the truth of which we are assured of by Divine authority, but which are beyond the compass of our finite understandings fully to comprehend, give vigor and strength to our faith. The plurality of the Divine Unity—God manifest in the flesh—the operation of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of believers—the Resurrection of the dead—are clearly taught in the Scriptures—and to disbelieve these mysteries, is to deny the Divine origin of the word of God. Faith in these is more acceptable to God than a belief in things less abstruse, because it pays that honor which is due to his testimony, and more fully adores the incomprehensible majesty of our Creator, and leads us to contemplate our own impotence and our dependance

upon him, and should inflame our gratitude for the countless mercies we receive from our great Benefactor.

Some of the infidels in our country are men of science. Suppose one of high attainments should deliver a lecture on the abstruse parts of chemistry, aided by the necessary apparatus for exhibiting experiments, and many among his audience could not understand and comprehend the cause, or combination of causes, that produced the results that were self evident, and should therefore deny the truth of the propositions of the learned lecturer; would he consider himself treated with due respect? Certainly not. Let him apply this touchstone to the plain results flowing from the great *first* CAUSE, and then practice the golden rule, and no more cavil with the mysteries of religion, because he is wilfully a stranger to the faith once delivered to

the saints. But he may reply—"Give me time, and I will make every thing so plain, that all will fully understand. In his own good time, God will do the same for every Christian.

An error has sometimes been committed by Christians, more *zealous* than *prudent*, by vainly attempting to explain the *mysteries* of revelation, forgetting that a *mystery explained* is a *mystery destroyed*—for what we can fully comprehend, is no longer a mystery. It is with our understandings as with our eyes—both have mysteries—both have objects beyond their reach—some accidentally—some absolutely so. Too much darkness or too much light, may intercept the powers of vision, and prevent us from seeing objects that we know exist. We may gaze upon the towering mountain, but cannot discover the composition of its interior. We may traverse

the dark cavern without a light, and emerge in safety, but can give no account of its beauties or deformities.— We may listen to the wind, witness its fearful effects, and tremble beneath its fury, “but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth—so is every man that is born of the spirit”—so are the mysteries of the religion of the cross. What man can comprehend the *arcana* of nature, with her multiform productions, above, around, and beneath him? all declaring, in eloquence sublime—there is a God. These *all* admit—why reject the others?

Instead of embracing the truth of Christianity, the poor deluded Infidel wanders through the labyrinthian mazes of blind conjecture—manufactures fancy propositions, and *christens* them *realities*.

The objections of Infidels to Christianity, not only arise from *Unbelief*, but

Dislike ; because its moral precepts put a curb on the sensual appetites and wilder passions of human nature, imparted to fallen man by the poisonous juices of the forbidden fruit. They would rather *transfer* than *remove* the mysteries—from the Doctrines to the moral Precepts. But even this would not relieve them from their awful dilemma. No one ever complied with the moral Precepts, who did not become reconciled to the Mysteries of the Gospel. The despotic heart commands the passive head to fight its unjust quarrel.

God grant that these few hints may lead Infidels to examine, more particularly, the evidences of Christianity, for it appears plain to me, that no *reasonable* man can reject Revelation, and that he who continues an Infidel in a land enlightened by the Gospel—must be wanting in sound common sense—must be

either criminal or dull. If I wrong them, I wrong them much; for an Infidel tongue, a Christian conscience, and a Pagan heart, are the ingredients that enter into the composition of all genuine Infidels, if any such are among us.

But it is a natural question, why do some men of parts dislike the Scriptures, when, to others, they appear more and more admirable, in proportion to the increased discernment of the reader? Can it be from *Ignorance*? It may be so if their *hearts* are worse than their *heads*, for there are parts of Holy Writ, which none but a *good* man can understand. "Rejoice always—and again I say rejoice." This must appear, to a common impenitent, much more to an Infidel, absurd, because to them impracticable and therefore uninspired. To rejoice in tribulation, they have no disposition or power. On the contrary, he who lives

by faith on the Son of God, has the key to the Scriptures. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." This text is as dark to the vicious man as the other, because, having had no Christian experience, he cannot comprehend its force. The good man comprehends it by sweet experience. Thus, the Bible, like the cloud of pillar, is light to the true *Israelites* but darkness to the *Egyptians*.

Can *Vanity* lead to Infidelity? It may, where a man of dazzling talents falls into the company of a Bolingbroke,*

* BOLINGBROKE, HENRY ST. JOHN, Lord Viscount of England, was born at Battersea, in 1672. At Eaton and Oxford, he received a highly finished education—became member of Parliament in 1700—Secretary of War and Marine in 1704; in 1710 became a part of the ministry; in 1712 was created Viscount; on the accession of George I. was impeached and fled to France, and became Secretary of the Pretender. In 1723 he was pardoned, his estates restored—but not being allowed a seat in Parliament, he became indignant—wrote against Sir R. Walpole, and in 1735 again

a Volney,* or a Hume,† and is flattered by them, with the enchanting hope of shining in the lettered world, wielding a pen, more fatal to its master than Cato's.

retired to France, and on the death of his father again returned to Battersea, where he died of a cancer on his face in 1751.—*Dav. Bio. Dic.*

He was an Infidel, and the most powerful and fascinating writer of his day. He was also an orator of the highest order, and led many into the broad road to ruin.

* VOLNEY, CONSTANTINE FRANCIS CHASSEBŒUF, Count, &c. an eminent French writer, born at Craon, in Brittany, in 1757. He was educated at Angers and studied medicine in Paris. He was a member of the States General—was imprisoned ten months during the reign of terror—was appointed Professor of History at the Normal school in 1794—was created a senator and count by Napoleon—visited the United States in 1795—returned to France in 1798, and died April 25, 1820. He was a man of talent, an Infidel, and advocated a republican form of government.—*Dav. Biog. Dic.*

His "Ruins," is a book written with great tact, and well calculated to lead weak minds into the awful vortex of infidelity.—*Author.*

† HUME, DAVID, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland,

sword. Can *Envy* apologize for them? How can these men envy Christians, if *they* are *right* and *we* are *wrong*? Man is ambitious of happiness, and the *good* man desires *all* to be happy. Infidels know, that if religion is true, Christians are happier than themselves—they therefore wish it to be *false* and spend their noblest powers to prove it so and perish on their own sword, drawn against the truth. If they envy the Christian at *any* time, it is on their dy-

in 1711. After toiling for some time at the mercantile business, he went to France and gave his whole attention to literary pursuits. In 1737, he returned to London and published his treatise on Human Nature—in 1742 and 1752, he published his Political Discourses, and Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals. In 1754, he published the first volume of his History of England, which was completed in 1761. On his infidel writings, it is unnecessary to enlarge. His History of England is written in a finished style, but is unfaithful, and inculcates principles, which are abhorrent to every friend of freedom.—*Dav. Biog. Dic.*

ing bed, more than before. The greater the talents and education of an Infidel, the more poisonous is his pestilential influence. Thousands may follow in his wake to destruction. Example is more powerful, more subduing than precept, when it caters for the gratification of sensual appetites and passions, or enforces the realities of the religion of the Cross. Did Christians but *live* the religion of our Saviour, as he has set the example, infidel writers would be shorn of *one* of their arguments against it, an argument that furnishes them with ammunition to protract the war, which, although it will not weaken *us*, may greatly injure *them* and their deluded followers; an evil we should do all in our power to avert, by living in such a manner as to adorn our profession, and, by the force of Christian example, woo them back to *truth* to *reason*, and to *duty*.

Christianity, like gold often burnished, grows brighter under the attacks of its opponents, who, instead of darkening its lustre, sometimes throw new light upon the sublime excellence of its nature and truth, doing it signal service without running it in debt, and, without any demand upon the gratitude of its advocates. The stronger its adversaries the more brilliant its triumphs—the more it is opposed and disputed, the more indisputably will it shine. It is the great arch on which we may rest securely—supporting man's present and eternal welfare and the glory of God, and will grow stronger as its enemies pile on it an additional weight of reproach and opposition.

It is possible that Infidels, whilst intending only to write their opinions, may do more—delineate a set of morals that must produce a bad life, and like

BELLEROPHON,* may be the bearer of their own condemnation, when they imagine they are shedding light on

* BELLEROPHON, son of Glaucus, king of Ephyre, by Eurymede, was at first called Hipponous. The murder of his brother Alcimemus, or Beller, procured him the name of Bellerophon, or murderer of Beller. After this murder, he fled to the court of Prætus, king of Argos. Being a handsome man, Stenobœa, the wife of the king, fell in love with him, and, as he slighted her passion, she accused him falsely, before her husband, of attempting to seduce her. The king, unwilling to violate the laws of hospitality by punishing him, sent him to the father of the queen, Jobates, king of Lycia, and gave him a letter, in which he begged Jobates to punish him with death for insulting his daughter. This king, to satisfy his son-in-law, sent Bellerophon to conquer a horrible monster, called Chimæra. But Minerva supported him, and, with the winged horse, Pegasus, he conquered the monster, and returned victorious. He also subdued the Solymi and the Amazons, and a number of assassins, sent by Jobates to destroy his life, convincing the king, that innocence is always protected by the gods. Upon this Jobates gave him his daughter in marriage, and made him his successor to the throne of Lycia.—*Walker's Classical Dictionary.*

mankind. But condemnation from *others*, will be much more supportable than their *own*, should truth and conscience enforce that upon them. May their minds be illuminated by spiritual light, before their souls make the awful, the irrecoverable plunge into the gulf of death, when their fearful fate will be sealed and unalterably fixed—the door of mercy and happiness forever closed, and the scorpion lashes of agonizing remorse, will forever poison their souls with keen regret, bitter anguish, and relentless despair.

You may think some of my remarks too severe. Truth is often thought severe. No man can strike fire with a feather. A fire elemental is diffused through all nature, although locked up in dark matter, and not apparent until brought out by friction. May there not be a spark of heavenly fire in man? If

so, it requires a blow of some *force* to strike it out of a heart of flint. Such blows are necessary in these days of Infidelity; for Infidelity and Religion are the night and day of the moral world. The one reveals—the other hides heaven from our minds. Happy will I be, if what I have written shall shed a ray of light on but one single darkened mind, groping under the grand eclipse of Infidelity. May we all enjoy the light of revealed Religion, until heaven, in answer to the voice of *faith*, shall admit us into its meridian light, where undisputed truth and unmistaken pleasure will reign triumphant, through the ceaseless ages of eternity.

LETTER II.

PLEASURE.

I NOW proceed to write more particularly of PLEASURE. It may be long before men, whose faults set the *public* eye at defiance, will blush, when *alone*.—Until their consciences are alarmed, their common sense renovated, and their reason restored, the hope of reformation is faint. Although their road, like that leading to Juggernaut,* is strewn with

* *The Temple of Juggernaut*, is esteemed the most sacred of all the religious establishments of the Hindoos, and was formerly visited by over a million of human beings annually. The object of worship is an idol, formed of a carved block of wood, with a frightful visage, painted black, and a distended mouth of a bloody colour. Its arms are gold—it is dressed in gorgeous apparel. On festival days, the throne of this idol is placed on a stupendous movable tower, about

bones and carcasses of human beings in every aspect, it does not retard the pro-

sixty feet high, resting on wheels, which indent the ground deeply as they turn slowly under this ponderous weight. It is drawn by the people, by means of six ropes or cables. Upon the tower are the priests, whose addresses, songs and gestures, are of the most indecent character. As the car moves, many of the worshippers throw themselves before the wheels, and are crushed to death. Many of the pilgrims to this temple, die by the way. At the distance of fifty miles, the approach to this spot is known by the quantity of human bones, which are strewed by the way. Many old people take the journey, on purpose to die within the precincts of this temple. There is a spot, a short distance from it, called, by the Europeans, Golgotha, where the dead bodies are cast forth, and are devoured by dogs, vultures and jackals. The pilgrims pay a tax, which, after defraying the expenses of the temple, goes to the government. The receipts have amounted to \$60,000 in a single year.

This temple is located at Orissa, in Hindostan, on the bay of Bengal, 48 miles S. by W. from Calcutta. Lat. 19.49 N., Lon. 85.54 E. Since Mr. Ward wrote the above account, the labours of Christian missionaries, by the blessing of God, have done much to dispel the darkness that then enveloped that shadow of death.

gress, or diminish the numbers of the infatuated devotees of Pleasure. This charnel highway was thronged by the antediluvians, until they were overwhelmed by destruction. But the dreadful calamity that befel them, soon ceased to be a warning to men, as they multiplied on the earth. To the man of Pleasure, the Bible is a sealed book, and visible warnings pass by him like the idle wind.

It may be a matter of dispute, whether wicked great men are more hardened in Infidelity than they are polluted and enervated by Pleasure, which, when it gains a triumph over the heart, becomes the fruitful source of every crime. Although the child of Infidelity, it often becomes stronger than its sire, and forgets its paternity. Theft, murder, perjury, are some of its bitter fruits, but not the worst. I shall not attempt to give

an analysis of the whole, but enough to render the name of a *Man of Pleasùre*, which some assume as the insignia of Honor—not only *ridiculous*, but *detestable*.

What an iron sceptre does Pleasure sway over our republican land! It is not only the pestilence that walks in darkness, but the fiend that destroys at noonday. The moon grows pale at its midnight enormities—the morning blushes at its unfinished debauch. Nature trembles and faints under its ponderous weight. The public officer, the private citizen, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, *all* classes, not shielded by the helmet of faith in the Son of God, are more or less affected by its poisonous miasma. So bold, adroit, enchanting, and artful, are its attacks, that it sometimes carries away captive, and, for a time, enslaves those who are

the children of the living God. The great, who become patrons of Pleasure, lead the way, and, like the *anti-Curtii*, leap into the gulf for the destruction of others—perhaps of their country, for most governments have first become effeminate, and then expired on the bed of luxury.

Pleasure is the fruitful parent of vice. The latter has something horrible, that naturally alarms conscience, when awake on its tower. Pleasure, under the false banner of innocent amusement, acts like an opiate—first stupifies—then effectually paralyzes—conscience falls asleep—vice loses its horror—increases in power, and converts its victims into willing and faithful subjects—*Infidels* in mind, and *Centaur*s in practice.

Birth, education, and abundance, if abused by devoting them to sensual pleasure, are more deplorable than obscurity,

ignorance and poverty. Men of rank, education, and fortune, when wrong, are *deeply* so. How pestilential their example on the lower grades of society, who, under the welcome force of such illustrious authority, become dissolute, and enter the arena of ruin. Great men, who lead immoral lives, are powerful engines of mischief, and, like bursting bombs, destroy themselves and those around them. They pervert the two supreme glories of man—reason and immortality. The former seems to render them more guilty—the latter renders endless the sad images of their guilt. It is this cloud, hanging, like an incubus, over their understandings, that adulterates the happiness they seek, forgetting that all *real* enjoyment lies within the compass of the commands of God. Dip too deeply in pleasure, you will stir up a sediment that renders it impure and

noxious. It can only be obtained by properly cultivating the boundless powers of the immortal soul, stripping off its earthly rubbish, until it shall appear in all the sublime beauty originally stamped upon it by Deity, and be prepared to enter into joys as infinite as its capacity, which nothing earthly can ever satisfy. Men of Pleasure seem to forget, that virtue is the grand panacea of the soul—that luxury is the hot-bed of disease and pain—that assemblies, balls, masquerades, gambling and drinking houses—in short, *all* deviations from the path of rectitude, are the sure avenues to moral and physical diseases, that produce the ruin of reputation, fortune, and health, and expose the soul to all the enduring agonies of the second death. The devotees of Pleasure may feel a momentary joy when they first enter her glittering palaces, that fascinate only to

destroy. But soon they find an aching void in their souls. They change the scene, but still pursue an *ignis fatuus*, a vapour created from impurities, leading its bewildered followers into quagmires and swamps, deep and dark. No joys are real and flourish long, but such as are approved of Heaven and win the favor of God. Men of Pleasure vainly strive to cultivate joys of their own creation, the seeds of which Heaven never sowed in their hearts. They might as well invade another prerogative of the great Jehovah, and, with the tyrant of *Elis*,* pretend to manufacture thunder and lightning. A false, momentary joy may exist without reflection, and a con-

* *Elis*, a country of Peloponnesus, at the west of Arcadia, and north of Messenia, and is watered by the river Alpheus. It was originally governed by Kings, and received its name from Eleus, one of its monarchs. It was famous for its swift horses, used so successful at the Olympic games.—*Walk. Clas. Dic.*

sumptive cheerfulness arise from it—but the joys emanating from the Religion of the cross, can alone make a truly happy man.

Men of Pleasure are the veriest slaves on earth. They run, labour, expend, expose themselves to perils—injure their families—offer up the rich sacrifice of conscience and common sense—watch late, all but pray—until jaded out by protracted amusements. Like the bear in the fable, they hug their darling to death. Instead of rejoicing, they sorrow in fancied and sought-for delight, and tread the eternal round of vanities, less for the pleasure it brings than for the pain it suspends. They dread being alone, for their reflection stings them like an adder—when together, they support each other's spirits. Like sailors, they cling to each other when their vessel is sinking, instead of flying to their

Maker, who alone can fill up the awful vacuum, and heal all the diseases of their aching hearts.

The numberless pains of body and mind—the dark, solemn approaches to, or dismal vestibules of the grave, as well as opening graves, are so thickly scattered over the face of our republican land by this fell monster, with the counterfeit name of PLEASURE—that an unpetrified heart cannot look around without feeling chilled and disconsolate, and sighing and weeping over the desolation of immortal souls. Were the one hundredth part of the wretchedness *seen*, that is *felt*, by the devotees of Pleasure, it would strike us with dismay and horror.

It would seem that Heaven intended one portion of our species as a moral lecture for the other. It surrounds us with deplorable objects—not more for the

sake of the wretched than for our own, that our compassion may be awakened for *them*, and they serve as beacon lights to enable us to avoid the fatal rock on which their frail bark has been shattered, perhaps recklessly driven from the pinnacle of fame, the acme of letters, or the splendors of fortune, into the whirlpool of insipid delights, where ignorant multitudes follow, and indigent multitudes shiver and starve. Pleasure, by darkening their understandings, robs them of *this* world—and by stupifying their consciences, cheats them out of the joys of the *next*. Less wise in theory than Epicurus, who proposed making a world out of dancing atoms, they, out of the giddy whirl of multiform amusements, made up of minute particles of Pleasure, too small to be discerned by the eye of reason, undertake to form happiness, a system equally philosophical and suc-

cessful. A God only could make the one—none but the Christian can experience the other.

The "*one thing needful*" for true happiness, is common to both worlds. The boasted felicities of Pleasure, are demonstrations of misery in this life, and the embryo of those in the nether world. So strong is the witchcraft of Pleasure, that it turns young men into old by their infirmities, and old into young by their affectation and conceit.

Let us look a little more minutely into the heterogeneous composition of the *Man of Pleasure*, and endeavor to make an analysis of this marvellous *Centaur*. Of what nature, species, and rank in creation is he? Does this yet unconstructed, undeciphered creature, claim to be *immortal*? or only a *rational* being? or a mere *animal*? If an *immortal* being, why does he not regard things eter-

nal? If a *rational* being, why does he dethrone *reason*? If a mere *animal*, why does he *glut*, instead of *satisfying* appetite? When the natural hunger of an animal is allayed, his meal is ended. If it is a composition of all three, it need not be a *confusion* of them—order will preserve an equilibrium. By violating order, he is an *immortal*, dead to all sense of immortality—a *rational*, void of reason—an *animal*, transgressing appetite—a disordered combination—a wretched chaos of *all*, without the benefit of *either*—nay, more—a sufferer from *each*, because an abuser of *all*. They are not, as Heaven designed them, three parties in alliance for his happiness—he has bribed them to become conspirators, throw off their allegiance to their rightful sovereign, and himself becomes the first victim of these traitors, and then they destroy each other—for, in this

immortal maze of ruin, appetite, reason, and immortality violate, and are violated by each other. Perverted reason leads appetite beyond her bounds—unbounded appetite first stupifies—then dethrones reason—immortality then becomes regardless of things eternal—*they* being disregarded, the boundless desires and powers of the latter are spent in things temporal, and impel deposed reason and riotous appetite to a fatal extravagance, which otherwise would have remained dormant, beyond their power or desire. Thus we have the solution of this unique problem. The *man*, in his folly, debauches the brute—the *brute* debauched, dethrones the man—the dethroned *man* and debauched *brute* join in rebellion against the *immortal*—the subdued *immortal* resigns to them its infinite powers and desires, which, being diseased, ultimately poison and destroy all three.

The *man*, if not in alliance with an *immortal*, never would have had an unbounded desire and power. If not in alliance with a *brute*, he never would have debased them to mean and sordid ends, or confined them to things temporal—but being joined to both, and through perverseness and stupidity, rendering celestial immortality inglorious, and terrestrial brutality more brutal, a far more miserable being is formed by *compound*, than either could be separate and *alone*. We may therefore congratulate the *mere* brute, because it is beyond his power to become such a monster by compound, as we have before us. If the *Man of Pleasure* will take one deliberate look at this *Centaur*, either by using his *own* mirror, or that of a colleague, if he is modest, he will for the future give the wall to his horse. Like *Codrus*, he disguises his dignity to

rush into danger, and, happy for him, if he meets nothing but temporal death. Reason and immortality, the *man* and the *immortal*, occasion the calamity, and the poor *animal*, an innocent ally, unjustly suffers with them, until the welcome messenger, *Death* comes to the final rescue. Some may look upon this analysis as mere sophistry. I will, therefore, for the benefit, if not edification of such, present one more plain and short. The Man of Pleasure is one, who, desirous of being *more* happy than man *can* be, is less happy than other men *are*—one who seeks happiness *every* where except *where* it may be readily found—one who out-toils the laborer without receiving wages, paying a dear price for a license to engage in the labor he performs. He is an immortal being that has but two marks of a man about him—upright stature and the

power of playing the fool, which the monkey has not. If he is an Infidel, he may triumph in this single, deplorable, yet *false* hope, that he shall be as happy as a monkey when they are both dead—feeling that he cannot be while he lives.

He is an immortal being, that would lose none of its most darling delights if he were a mere brute—but would lose them *all*, if he could be in Heaven. He *desires* not to be there—however he may hope for it when death closes the door of his mortal, debauched, more than brutal career. Without hope and without God, what is the *Man of Pleasure*? To-day, what I have described him—to-morrow, perhaps a man of distraction, remorse, anguish, and despair.

To acquire and enjoy *real* pleasure, we *must* preserve order in our compound nature, and not derange the equilibrium so happily adjusted by our Creator. To

do this, we must enjoy the guidance and consolation of the Holy Spirit. What are the joys of the world compared with them? the joys of victory over strong temptations—a sweet repose in Divine favor, and an indefeasible right to eternal life. Is there not a sublime grandeur and solidity of happiness in the thought, that we are heirs of enduring bliss? Is not this more consoling, than to range through the avenues of fancied pleasure? —to join in the giddy dance, the pernicious masquerade, the ruinous gaming house, the contaminating brothel, the damning ale-house, and all the other fluttering, gilded, noxious, fleeting delights of the Man of Pleasure? a son of Beelzebub, the god of flies. Most men of Pleasure have their Eve—every Eve has a serpent, and that serpent has a sting. He who will spend his substance, and degrade his *immortal* in this life,

must reap the wages of sin in the *next*. He who lives in the kingdom of *sensuality*, must die in the kingdom of *sorrow*. He who will not *fear*, shall *feel* the wrath of Heaven. He who cannot complacently think of his *last* hour, cannot rightly enjoy the *present*. He who makes the day of his death the birthday of his understanding, treasures up wrath for the day of wrath.

If diseases make ravages among us, and death often warns us of his rapid approach—if, when death arrives, all mankind close their career on earth, with *one* opinion and *one* wish—if unhallowed enjoyments hasten the approach, heighten the dread, and add to the anguish of the last hour of mortality—if death is the single certain event, and virtue the single safe pursuit, and the Divine favor the single point of absolute importance—if that favor is freely

offered to us “without money and without price,”—if the fate to be shared is endless, and this life but as a moment to an age, and an age not a moment to eternity, and if faith in the immaculate Redeemer is necessary to gain a passport to the realms of enduring happiness, how awfully terrific, how imposingly solemn, and how deeply horrible must be the death scene of a Man of Pleasure, as he approaches the confines of the eternal world, and the truths of revelation burst upon his mind from the throne of a neglected, an offended, an angry, and an avenging God. Oh! what a change, when the convulsed body writhes under the agony of an unwilling soul, about to leave it for a more dreadful habitation. The death bed of a profligate is next in horror to that dark abyss to which it leads. It has the most of *hell*, that is visible on earth. And he who has wit-

nessed it, has more than *faith*, to confirm him in the realities of revealed religion. The two great enemies of the body and soul—disease and sin, join to storm the citadel. Disease excludes the *light* of Heaven—sin, its cheering *hope*. Oh! double darkness! Oh! wretched mortal!

How unlike those illuminated scenes of hilarity, of which he may have been the attracting centre—the dazzling leader—the dictator in the cabinet of *Pleasure*—pronouncing the fashions and teaching the gayest to be more gay. Are these torturing pangs that seize and convulse his frame, the trophies of his *Paphian** conquests? These the tri-

* Paphian, from Paphia, a surname of Venus, the goddess of beauty, because this goddess was worshipped at Paphos, a famous city in the island of Cyprus. Here her altars, one hundred in number, daily smoked with Arabian frankincense. It was here that Paul

umphs preferred to Heaven? Is this he whose pre-eminence in vanity, often exposed him to the shafts of jealousy and envy? Oh! see how he lies, like an out-cast, on the narrow isthmus between time and eternity, lashed and overwhelmed on the one side by an increasing sense of sin—on the other, by a convincing evidence of approaching punishment—beyond the reach of *human* aid, and in despair of *Divine*.

Such a scene as this, I once witnessed in the person of a man of high birth—high spirit—of great talents—finished education—strong passions, and splendid fortune. He was an INFIDEL and a MAN OF PLEASURE. The sad evening before the death of that noble, yet ignoble man, and up to his last hours, I was

preached the Gospel, and converted Sergius, the Roman governor, to Christianity, and struck the sorcerer, Elymas, blind.—*Walk. Clas. Dic.*

with him. No one else was there, except his physician and an intimate whom he loved, and had ruined. As I came in, he said,

“You and the physician have come too late—I have neither life or hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead.”

Heaven, I said, was merciful.

“Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to *bless*, and to *save* me?—I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I have plucked down ruin.”

I said, the blessed Redeemer—

“Hold! hold! you wound me! That is the Rock on which I split—I denied his name.”

Refusing to hear any thing from *me*, or to take any thing from the *Physician*, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of

pain would permit, until the clock struck, then, with vehemence:

“Oh, Time! Time! It is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart—how art thou fled forever! A month!—O, for a single *week*! I ask not for years, although an age is too little for the much I have to do.”

On my saying, we could not do too much—that Heaven was a blessed place—

“So much the worse. ’Tis lost! ’tis lost!—Heaven is to me the severest part of Hell!”

Soon after I proposed to pray.

“Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray—nor need I. Is not Heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own.”

His friend, being much touched, even to tears, at this, (who could forbear? I

could not) with a most affectionate look, he said—

“Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee.—Dost thou weep for me? That is cruel. What can pain me more?”

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

“No, stay. *Thou* still mayest hope—therefore hear me. How madly have *I* talked? how madly hast *thou* listened and believed? But look on my present state, as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain—but my soul, as if stung up by torment, to greater strength and spirit—is full powerful to reason—full mighty to suffer. And that, which triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is doubtless *immortal*—and as for a DEITY, nothing less than an ALMIGHTY could inflict what I feel.”

I was about to congratulate this pas-

sive, involuntary confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature, when he thus, very passionately—

“No—no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak. My much injured friend!—my soul, as my body, lies in ruins—in scattered fragments of broken thought! Remorse for the *past*, throws my thoughts on the *future*. Worse dread of the future, *strikes* them back on the past. I turn, and turn, but find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless Heaven for the flames. That is not an everlasting flame—that is not an unquenchable fire.”

How were we struck, soon after, still more, when, with an eye of distraction, and a face of despair, he cried out—

“My principles have poisoned my friend—my extravagance has beggared

my boy—my unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another Hell! O! thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent Lord God! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hides me from thy frown.”

Soon after, his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgotten. And ere the sun arose—the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most *wretched* ALTAMONT expired.

If this is a Man of *Pleasure*, what is a Man of *Pain*? How quick, how total the transit of the devotees of fancied pleasures. In what a dismal gloom they set forever. How short, alas! the day of their rejoicing. For a brief period, they glitter, dazzle, enchant, infatuate and gain deluded admirers. In a moment, where are they? Oblivion covers their memories, unless infamy snatches them from its dark shades, and records

their triumphs in its long-living annals. Their sufferings, as in the case of poor Altamont, may bleed the bosom of heart-stricken friends: for Altamont had a friend. He might have had many. His transient morning should have been the dawn of an immortal day. His memory might have been gloriously enrolled on the book of enduring fame, and on the records of a happy eternity. His memory would then have left a sweet fragrance behind it, grateful to surviving friends—salutary to after generations. He was endowed with a capacity and advantages, with which he could have greatly benefited mankind, and placed his name high on the catalogue of great and good men. But, with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool. If he judges amiss in the *Supreme* point, judging right in all else, but aggravates his folly. It shows him to be *wrong*, with the full

capacity of being *right*; so fatal, when abused, are the richest blessings of Heaven. O! that his keen agonies were an expiation for the past—not a presage of the future. Well may such a man envy the mere brute.

In view of this awful death-bed scene, ye staunch pursuers of *Pleasure*—opening in full cry on its burning scent! who run yourselves out of breath, health, credit, estate, and even *life*, after this *ignis fatuus*—stop, for a moment—slacken your pace, and cool the fervor of your chace. It is a friend who calls, and he is his own who hears and obeys.

If there is a scene on earth, better calculated to benefit you, turn your eyes from it, and onward pursue your wild career—if *not*, listen to a few words that may fix themselves firmly in your memories—words that, *if* soon forgotten, may recur to your deep-toned thoughts—your

aching hearts, when your *Utopian** chace is over, and Pleasure is lost in the distance. Whilst you admire the refined accomplishments and high attainments of poor ALTAMONT, remember that UNBELIEF made him an INFIDEL, and that Infidelity made him a Man of PLEASURE. Look at the rock on which he split—view it as a beacon light, illuminated by a kind Providence, to guide and guard you from danger, in your voyage to Eternity. Let his fatal errors, his deep distress, his keen despair, caution you against a similar fate. He once, as you may now, seemed to imagine *this* life immortal, and spread his sails full to the breeze of Pleasure. Suddenly his soul took its flight, where, who can tell? If you follow in his wake, in the same fatal track, your doom will be sealed as her-

* Utopian—Imaginary, chimerical pleasures.

Walker.

metically as his. Smitten, transfixed, when most secure in his imagination. From the most towering heights of conviviality, he plunged, suddenly, into the abyss of distress, too deep to be fathomed—too horrible to be described—too awful to be borne. In your gaiety, increasing dangers accumulate over, around and beneath you. More arrows are in the same quiver—you are as fair and tempting a mark—yes, *more* tempting, if his sad fate shall not admonish you to flee the wrath to come, and not trample on his forgotten tomb. Tempt not the archer that pierced his heart—he never misses his mark. His bow, once drawn—the string let loose—the aim is sure—the work is done—the mortal dies. From your gay position, embowered with roses, you may see no threatening prospects—no danger of death. In this you may be sadly mistaken. The grim

monster delights to conceal his ghastly form in thickets of flowers. Often, the gayest of the gay are his first and choicest victims. It is sunshine with you now—you think all is well—it is the season of indulgence, of pleasure and hilarity. But seasons change—even a bright *hour* may close with a furious and chilling *storm*. You, who are now all social comfort, gathered in flocks, like birds of passage bound for other climes, fledging your impatient wings for new delights, may suddenly be severed, like them, by disease, and by the arrow of death. If by the former only, you may linger on in painful agony, and, for the first time, make the acquaintance of two great strangers—your own heart and Him who created it.

Happy will you be if this acquaintance shall restore you to the favor of an offended, but long-suffering and merciful

God, who is ever willing to receive a returning prodigal. You who are strangers to care—buoyant in mirth—devotees of Pleasure—reflect on the time, should you be spared, when your physical powers will be enervated, and sink into effeminacy—you become recluses in the world, and amusement shall lose all its charms—when chilling disease shall cool and thicken the purple current that now flushes your cheeks—when you shall be a burden to yourselves and those around you—when the goddess, PLEASURE, shall spurn you from her presence, and you shall feel, deeply and keenly feel—an aching void that earth can never fill, and which nothing but Religion can ever supply. Be wise to-day—to-morrow you may die.

There are but few, who have not, at some time, either stung by conscience, or alarmed by some providential event,

roused, as from a dream, to a sense of impending danger. The longer the sleep, the greater the surprise—and if the subject dreams to the last, the surprise is overwhelming—the pain and horror inexpressible—the alarm and dread terrific. Has the death knell of a friend—a loud one—never alarmed you? If not, deep and dangerous must be your sleep. Is the death of a friend nothing to you? It is big with good or ill—you cannot remain neutral. It hastens your amendment, or aggravates your offences—and renders you tenfold a criminal.

When I stand on the verge of the grave even of a stranger—when I see the mould covering all that is left of human pride—when I hear the solemn words, “*dust to dust,*” my heart swells with emotion—the fountain of my sympathies gushes out—my soul is inspired with

contemplation, sometimes painful, but always salutary. Even over the grave of a *good* man we weep. How awful, then, to look into the grave of a *friend*, whose principles have ruined his soul, whose follies have hastened his death, dying with admonitions on his lips, horrors in his mind, and the pains of wo in his heart. The thunder of his groans would echo forever on a penetrable ear, and reverberate through every avenue of a feeling heart. It is sensible proof of the final doom, the unalterable, the melancholy destiny of the finally impenitent. If this would not alarm you, nothing can; and if not alarmed, you will perish forever. Look at your danger and escape for your life. We live in a mutable world—to keep within the reach of mercy, is the grand concern and supreme blessing of human life.

Sincerely and truly, your friend.

LETTER III.

PLEASURE.

DEAR SIR—You seem to think that many of our most learned and talented men are so far gone, that they cannot be reclaimed. Whilst life remains, we continue our exertions to save the body. How much more should we bring into action our noblest powers, to rescue immortal souls from endless ruin. *Aviola*, a consul in the time of *Gordian*,* re-

* GORDIAN MARCUS ANTONIUS, a Roman emperor, was created Cæsar in 237, at the age of 12 years; and in the following year became emperor. He was a worthy man and a just ruler. In 242, he defeated the barbarians in Thrace and Mœsia, drove the Persian monarch, Sapor, beyond the Euphrates, and compelled him to abandon all his conquests. He died in 244, near Circessium, some suppose by assassination.

Dav. Biog. Dic.

vived on his funeral pile, the moment the caloric exerted its influence upon his inanimate body. We should never cease our exertions to kindle a flame of holy fire, that may warm into life some poor soul, dead in sin, and cause it to rise, like the *Phœnix*,* from its ashes, and re-assume its former glory.

Permit me to place the joys of the Man of Pleasure, and those of the Man of God, in juxtaposition, that the difference may be seen in the same glass. They differ in kind and object. Those of the former, are temporal, transitory, uncertain in duration, and, like all terrestrial things, have bitter dregs in the bottom of the cup. A gay inquietude and tumultuous delight, render them imperfect and unsatisfying to the immortal soul. Like some liquors, they are in

* Phœnix—the bird that is supposed to exist single, and rise again from its own ashes.—*Walker*,

a state of fermentation and confusion, while they sparkle and smile, and when the gases have escaped, they become insipid and flat. More than all, they are surcharged with the miasma of disease and death—disease that often destroys, with a fearful rapidity, body, mind, and soul.

The joys of the Man of God are drawn from the pure fountains of spiritual and enduring bliss, inspiring a delightful hope of a happy immortality beyond the grave. He is ever cheered by the smiles of Divine favour, builds his superstructure on the Rock of Ages, and, by the eye of faith, can look beyond the veil of mortality, and fondly anticipate the time when he shall throw off this mortal coil, and commence a career of endless felicity and enrapturing glory. His joys *here*, are celestial—are antepasts of heaven. Like a calm summer evening, his mind is undisturbed,

placid, and serene. He sees God in every thing, and adores.

The joys of the former are a *passion*, mingled with suffering, often resulting in death. The joys of the latter resemble an *inspiration*, in which the Divine cause supersedes human infirmity. His soul reposes on the promises of God. Like the *Halcyon*,* that builds its nest on the waves, when storms arise, he may be tossed, but not endangered, for the billows that would destroy the *former*, would rock the *latter* into an eternal rest.

When the good man lies down to

* Halcyon—in fabulous history, the daughter of Æolus, and wife of Ceyx, who was drowned as he was on his way to consult the oracle. The wife, being apprized in a dream of her husband's fate, and the next day finding his body washed on shore, threw herself into the sea, and she and her husband were changed into birds, by some authors called Alcyone, but more usually Halcyon.—*Walk. Clas. Dic.*

sleep, no fear from dangers of the night disturb his strong confidence in Divine protection. When morning dawns, his first thoughts are inspired by faith in the immaculate Redeemer, the golden chain that reaches from earth to heaven, and consecrates the day. *He cometh forth as a bridegroom from his chamber.*

The Man of Pleasure has his little clouds at the brightest—his course of happiness is retarded by a straw—the least accident deranges his locomotive engine, and often throws his car of Pleasure off the track—sometimes destroying it entirely. The decorations, luxuries, and superfluities of life, are *vital* to his adulterated felicity—without them he is miserable.

To the good man, these are mere excrescences; he has no more feeling in them than in his hair, which he trims, whenever it grows too long. No acci-

dent can retard his onward and upward career to mansions in the skies; he endures *real* calamities, unmoved and unhurt. He is more calm and serene when grappling with death, than is the Man of Pleasure in the clearest sunshine of life.

And why so wide a difference in the joys of these two characters? Because the hopes and fears of the former are confined to the dim spot in creation called Earth. He makes mountains of *little* things, because he has nothing *great* in his inventory. At their loss he turns pale, and is inconsolable. He knows they are all labelled, "UNCERTAIN."—Fear preys upon his mind like a Promethean vulture, and HOPE is too weak to impart permanent consolation. It is not, as with the good man, an anchor to his soul, both sure and steadfast. The slightest commotion of the waters—a slight flaw of wind, may throw his frail

bark on its beam ends, and derange, perhaps injure or destroy, his entire cargo of happiness. In a violent storm, he is ever in danger of being completely wrecked and dashed in pieces.

The good man takes God for his protector, his precious PROMISES for his cabin stores, FAITH for his ballast, WISDOM for his rudder, and spiritual HOPE for his sheet anchor. He can look calmly on the close of mortal life, and anticipate a crown of glory, whilst the other is forced to change the plume for the cap of sickness, and unbutton his buskins on the bed of anguish, terror, and death. Unless renewed by Grace, this will one day be the closing scene of all the actors in the drama of Pleasure. After having run the gauntlet of disappointing, painful, imaginary delights—and having been afflicted for years with a round of amusements—they sud-

denly drop from the stage—often unregarded—unlamented—perhaps covered with infamy, into that awful abyss, “*where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*”

Some of our Men of Pleasure claim, also, to be Men of Honor. They will not descend to mean vices—they scorn to pick the pocket of a man, but are ready to rob him of his last dollar in a scientific manner, the moment they can succeed in decoying him into the sporting arena. They would not join him in a rough and tumble set-to, but would murder him on the field of *false* honor, by their superior skill in the use of the pistol, the sword, or the bowie knife. If their immaculate Honor is even *supposed* to be violated, by word, look, or thought, the laws of religion, justice and humanity, become to them a dead letter. These are foul blots, the blackest spots

on the map of Pleasure—the most stagnant, murky, poisonous pools in her dark domain—the *Bohon-Upas* of her parks and sporting grounds.

But there is another picture to be drawn, to fill up the vacant space which I have left between the Good Man, and the Man of Pleasure. Its cognomon—
THOUGHTS OF THE RETIRED PENITENT.

“Yes, blessed, ever blessed be the Divine indulgence for this. How wanted—how welcome this asylum—this recess! Here, earth holds its peace, and the still small voice from Heaven can be heard—the voice ever speaking in the human ear. Here let me commune with my so long anxious heart, which has often pressed me for an audience, but always found me pre-engaged—the rude world pushing off the conference to a more convenient season, although a depending eternity chid my delay.

“ While the noise of the world beats its drum in our ears—while bustle and hurry throw their dust in our eyes—who can hear the soft whispers of conscience—or read the strong demands of reason, although written in capitals on the composed and disenchanted heart? I now read, hear, and tremble. I tremble at that in which I once triumphed—I blush at that of which I was once vain. Oh! *Pleasure! Pleasure!* what art thou? The death of reason—of Heaven—of the whole character of man.

“ The cloud, now a little broken, which wrapped me up in night, look around, my soul enlarged, and say—where, or what am I? Immensity about me—eternity before me. My pleasure! a shadow—my time! a moment—my life! a vapor. And shall a moment—shade—vapor—engage all my love, engross all my thoughts, and bid an angel

wait my better leisure, and the Creator of angels to defer his call until to-morrow? What, O my soul! if he should call no more! Good God! if he should call no more! if he should leave thee to thyself! Where then is hope? where then art thou?

“Man, desperate, deluded man—the first moment he sets up for himself, impatient of control, and takes the reins into his own mad hands—the first moment he is at liberty, he is the greatest of slaves. How shackled! how harassed! how starved! In the midst of his riots, what a famine of joys! None are wise in time, who are fools for eternity. Dreadful independence! The first moment man quits his hold upon his Creator—he drops into ruin and distraction—he falls, like *Apollyon*, from the height of his glory, into the sink of pollution and shame.

“ Out of that deep, I call unto thee, O Lord! O thou immaculate Redeemer, hear the cry of a humble penitent. Dissolve the charms that tie me down to trifling, terrestrial, infernal, ruinous delights, and give me wings to rise into day, and reach the things that belong to my eternal peace. Where is the creature thou hast made—the heart which thou hast given? This sink of pollution—this nest of all vices did not come from thee. No—I have snatched my heart out of thy blessed hand, and let it fall in the mire. It is *worse* for me, that *thy mercies are over all thy works*, since *I* have transformed myself into a CENTAUR.

“ I have been sleeping on a precipice, dreaming I was in Heaven—yes—on its very brink, with vengeance frowning over, and flames rolling beneath me. What horrors awoke me! what a gulf lies before me! what mercy has pre-

served me! How awful my doom, had I died yesterday! O, let this mountainous load on my heart, sink me lower and deeper, until I can pour out my soul in adoration to my God, for sparing my forfeited life. Had I felt these pangs before—sooner I should have been reclaimed—broke off my allegiance to the enemy of souls, and enlisted under the banner of the Cross, and enjoyed the consolation of a returning—welcomed prodigal.

“On searching my heart, that abyss of corruption, I find there is hardly a virtue, which my hypocrisy has not worn as a mask—scarcely a vice, that my presumption has not induced me to practise—thus bringing into discredit, the sincerest virtue, and making more heinous, the deepest guilt. To the public a pernicious pest—to myself, a fatal assassin.

“But, as I discover new crimes in myself by my own awakened reflection—by the gift of thy grace, I discover new glories, goodness, and wonders in God. I have lived in darkness—groped in the shadows of eternal death—wrapped myself in the world—saw nothing aright—and was blinded by the goddess of PLEASURE, and worshipped at her shrine.

“Now, O my God, thy divine attributes break in upon me like the morning, and awake me to thy presence. I see Thee in every thing, and seeing—I adore—adoring, I tremble. Thy attributes lighten upon me, and strike me, like him of *Tarsus*, to the dust. Like him I submit, plead for mercy and pardon, resign myself unreservedly into thy hands, for time and eternity, and now anxiously, imploringly, and sincerely inquire, what wilt thou have me to do?

Say, Lord, and I will obey Thee. Grant me thy pardoning love—thy sanctifying grace—thy blissful presence. Then, Lord! come the worst, I will not complain. My joy shall burst through the frowns of the world, and the shadows of death. Then *blessings, and honor, and glory, and power, be to HIM who sitteth on the throne, and to the LAMB, who has nailed my sins to his cross.* Thus will I sing in spite of my groans; thus will I sing with my last expiring breath; thus will I sing forever and ever. Amen. O my soul! Amen! Amen.”

My friend has now before him, my faint portrait of the PROFLIGATE, the PENITENT, and the GOOD MAN. I have long gazed on the disease of the former, and aimed to point out a remedy to mitigate, if not remove its malignity, and cure the patient. There is a sovereign balm in prayer. Although the most easy,

and to the Christian, the most delightful duty, it seems, with many, the hardest to be performed. It costs them so little pains, they seem to think they may as well let it alone. But this is a sad mistake. It is the supreme—the great mother of duty. All other duties and virtues are its progeny—nursed, nourished and sustained by it. Devotion is the asylum of human frailty—the support of heavenly perfection—and, when sanctified by faith, the golden chain of union, that keeps open the blessed communication between heaven and earth—the grand telegraph between God and man. He who has *never* prayed, cannot know its joys—he who has prayed as he *ought*, can never forget how much is to be gained by earnest, sincere, and fervent prayers.

Dear sir,

Yours, affectionately.

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR:—In this and the following letters, I shall touch on five points. 1. REVIEW OF LIFE; 2. GENERAL CAUSE OF SECURITY IN SIN; 3. THOUGHTS FOR AGE; 4. THE DIGNITY OF MAN; 5. THE RESTORATION OF THE CENTAUR TO HUMANITY.

REVIEW OF LIFE.

THERE is nothing in which men are more liberal, than in the expenditure of their advice, be their stock ever so small. I have bestowed an abundance of mine on our Centaurs, which may not be thankfully received, although freely given, and out of motives pure and disinterested.

A man can see himself in cool retrospection only. When warm in action,

his eyes are intent on the object or point in view, his prejudices and passions are excited, and corrupt his judgment. But in a calm review, he becomes rather a *by-stander*, than the *party*—and can judge as impartially of himself, as of *others*; and, if he has a *correct* view of himself, he will judge his own heart with more severity, than *another* would judge it for him.

Wisdom is the growth of experience, but experience is not the growth of action, but reflection *on* our actions. The seeds of wisdom are sown in an active life, but he who never reflects, reaps no harvest, and carries the burden of *age* without the rewards of *experience*, and finds the spear of ambition blunted, his spirits languishing, and his infirmities burdensome, without ever having traced these effects to their causes.

Reflection on the past is useful; to the

wise man, it is natural. Look on the stormy sea, when billows roll in mountain waves—then on the peaceful lake, when the feather, or the fallen leaf lies unmoved, and you see the difference between the cool evening and the high meridian of man. Inactive youth and unreflecting age, are worse than *trance* blanks in the book of life; they are usually disfigured by blots that destroy the beauty of the whole. Man varies no less than those changing insects, at which he so much wonders. In his morning he creeps; long before noon he flutters and flies; at meridian he is expanded in his full glory; as his sun descends, his brilliancy decreases; at evening, chilled into languor, he crawls into corners, lies hid, sleeps much, and when awake, having but little ground before him, he naturally looks back on the past; delights to talk of by-gone days, rehearse his brave ex-

ploits, his hair-breadth escapes, his childhood frolics, his youthful gambols, and his manly acts. If a wise and good man, matured by reflection, how idle soever his tale, he always draws a moral from it, which, if heeded, cannot fail to improve his audience.

In the review of life, we see many lines traced on its map, not pleasing and satisfactory; yet salutary and useful, because true delineations of human nature, varying, changing, metamorphosed human nature. Recall to mind the fruitless friendships, bitter enmities, rash presumptions, cowardly despairs, unmanly flatteries, bold indecencies, idle schemes, chimerical hopes, groundless fears, opportunities lost, admonitions slighted, escapes unacknowledged, evils improved, blessings neglected, and trifles admired, and we behold a picture of ourselves that makes us blush with shame. In bolder

lines we may see traced, our inordinate desires after applause, our reaching after fame, our ambition soaring high, our parsimony in some things, our prodigality in others, and our want of wise discretion in many. On the back ground, the officious, ever-meddling, bold-intending, little self-love, stands conspicuous. Too often has it exerted a controlling power over our better judgments. It is the progenitor of that pest of the many, whose richest food is the applause of others—the greatest vanity, not strictly vicious. It is the opposite of a bold defiance of all reproach. The former makes coxcombs—the latter, felons.

A capital weakness of man, is the strong ascendant his wishes have over his understanding. This, more than any one thing, makes a Centaur. We have often looked on our wishes as infallible arguments for the certainty of what we

desired, when others could see we were doomed to disappointment.

In my retrospect, I would not forget our departed friends—nor those tender ties that bound them to us, but now cut asunder by the scythe of relentless death. What numerous monuments rise over the cold bosoms that once warmly embraced us—that shared our councils—our ambitions—our joys—our pleasures—our pains and our sorrows. Their epitaphs, collected, would make a volume, instructive and salutary if read aright. The monument of a friend is a richer legacy to the considerate, than any parchment can convey. Human wisdom is mostly the growth of a bleeding heart. The thought of death is the directing helm of human life—he who sails without it will surely be wrecked.

What I like least in this survey for fear it should prove our own case, is

this: I find old men prone to think well of themselves—not because they fly *from* vice—but because worn out nature *repels* vice, and causes it to fly from *them*. They repute themselves virtuous, because free from former vicious indulgences, now beyond their physical powers—set down impotence for victory, and triumph in their peace, because they can no longer attract the attention of foes. True, I see and tremble for some vigorous old men, who, blameless in early life, are at last overtaken by folly, and dragged, by their white beards, into the foulest enormities and most scandalous sins. Faults, which are the natural growth of distinct periods of life, may meet with some toleration, not approval—but the unsightly growth of vice out of season, no one can tolerate—for the hot-bed of *Lucifer*, only

produces crimes in which nature has no agency.

Heaven guard us from such an end! for our beginning was far from blameless. In our early days we had our little villanies—our vice in miniature. As years rolled on, our iniquities increased, and before we were men, we were no petty criminals. We wished for wisdom, but mistaking its character and habitation, we sought for it in the avenues of folly. Frequent, sometimes severe, were our conflicts with our vices—but we soon made a new treaty with them. Pleasure had its charms—virtue its efforts—sometimes so furious as to throw its rider. Virtue and wisdom, as I humbly trust, finally triumphed, and rescued us from slavery. Still the distemper of the past periods of our lives, are the best antidotes of those that may yet assail us.

Let us look to HIM whose hand has so often been stretched on this side of the clouds, as pointing us to good, warning us of evil, showing how little this world can give, by pouring on us its full enjoyment—then turning our hearts to a better—showing us, by the calamities of others, how much suffering flesh is heir to, keeping us in awe, and ourselves unhurt—now breaking to pieces all our schemes of enjoyment—then raising our happiness out of the ruins—teaching us humility, gratitude, and on whom to rely—showing us, that most of our triumphs are errors, and our disappointments—escapes—now bringing us to the brink of the grave to repress presumption, then snatching us from it when past human aid, to repel despair and kindle devotion—defeating our imaginary wise plans, and blessing us in spite of our folly; providing for our best interests in

both worlds, as far as the nature of humanity will admit; and preparing us for a final and triumphant victory, through faith in Christ, over death and the grave, and a happy entrance into the blissful regions of refulgent glory.

Nothing in the review of life can give delight but our trophies over sin, all of which have been gained by hard fighting. Unbought pleasure is not the growth of earth. This is a militant state, in which our armor must give place only to our shroud. Every moment is big with importance, and will return, with its every thought and whisper, before the throne of HIM who lent it to man, and commands it back at the fixed time, to make its report to the Register of the court of the great Jehovah. Time, to man, is serious as eternity—for to him, eternity is based on time—it ordains and fixes his fate for-

ever. An idle day, in a life so short and precarious, may be big with guilt—for an idle man's head is the devil's workshop. Negative sins may be as criminal as overt transgressions.

What, in the picture of our review, do we see? At half a glance, I perceive, that although we have made a shift to creep out of the *Augean stable*,* we have not scaled the temple of virtue—we have made the choice of *Hercules*,†

* Augean, from Augeus, a king of Elis, whose stable, of 3,000 oxen, had not been cleansed for nine years, yet Hercules cleaned it in one day.

Walk. Clas. Dic.

† HERCULES.—According to the ancients, there were many persons of this name. The most celebrated was the son of Jupiter and Alemena. He was brought up at Thebes, and before he had completed his eighth month, Juno, intent on his destruction, sent two snakes to devour him. He seized these serpents, the moment they rushed upon him, and squeezed them to death, whilst his brother, Iphiclus, alarmed all in the house by his shrieks. He was early instructed in the liberal arts and became the pupil of the Centaur

without his strength—we have lopped off *one* head of the *Hydra*,* and per-

Chiron. In his 18th year, he subdued the lion that devoured the flocks of his supposed father. In obedience to the command of Eurystheus, under whose control he was for twelve years, he performed what are termed *the twelve labors*, viz : He subdued the Nemæan Lion—the Lernæan Hydra—the Stag with golden horns and brazen feet—the Erimanthian Boar—cleaned the stables of Augeus—killed the wild bull of Crete—the carnivorous birds in Arcadia—obtained the mares of Diomedes, which fed on human flesh—obtained the girdle of the queen of the Amazons—killed the monster Geryon, king of Gadis, and brought away his flocks—obtained the apples of the garden of the Hesperides, and brought upon earth the three-headed dog, Cerberus, guardian of the entrance of the infernal regions. After performing many other exploits, Dejanira became jealous of him, and sent him a dress, infected with poison, which penetrated his bones ; and finding he must die, he erected a burning pile on Mount Ætna, spread on it the skin of the Nemæan Lion, laid down upon it, and was consumed.—*Walk. Clas. Dic.*

* Hydra—a huge monster, that infested the lake Lerna, in Peloponnesus, the fruit of Echidna's union with Typhon. Some writers say it had an hundred heads—but the best authority fixes the number at nine. As soon as one was cut off, two more grew

mitted others to shoot out from the bleeding stump. We are not quite horizontals, nor are we quite *upright*—although we have set up for reformers, we are not perfect men.

A full Man is a glorious being—a rarity—like angels' visits, few and far between. A Man is an exalted character—doubly great—a hero and a king. Few kings are so great as to reign over their own hearts—few heroes so victorious, as to drive *dominions, principalities* and *powers*, before them. These meet and blend in the *real* Man—a being created after the image of God—free, rational, immortal, but a little lower than the angels, and destined for increasing greatness—the sublimest specimen of conception and skill, in all the works of our great Creator.

from the same place, unless the wound was cauterized by fire.—*Ib.*

Alas ! how have we blotted and defaced the grand original ! We have but poorly carried out the design of our Creation. But still, I would not repeat my part in the mingled comedies and tragedies of human life. I would not be re-jumbled in the rough *Thespian** cast, dragged on by those two skeletons—half-starved Hope and panting Expectation—over bad roads, through sloughs and bayous—bivouacked, and my fellow soldiers in a constant conspiracy against my pay and my applause. Here and there, I might be blessed with a pleasant hour that would make me smile ; but nature and reason start back at the thought. To find a small pearl in one oyster out of a million, is a faint inducement to make us

* Thespian from Thespis, king of Thespiæ, in Bœotia, who permitted his fifty daughters to surrender themselves to Hercules.—*Walk. Clas. Dic.*

fall ardently in love with continued fishing. If we are truly Christians, our wishes and our nature push us into eternity. Let our affections be raised above the things of time and sense, for we must soon emerge from our chrysalis form, and assume a new and more glorious body, or be more degraded in our exit to the lower world.

Let us no longer clutch so firmly, and love so ardently, our gold—that bane of private happiness—that presage of public slavery—that sure annihilation of a rational creature—that creation of a wretch eternal. It has robbed earth of more lives, and Heaven of more souls, than the collective body of all other evils, discharging their whole quivers on man. If weaned from this world, if our treasures are deposited in the impregnable *safe* of Heaven, we may smile on death, rejoice in view of the grave,

and find our checks accepted and promptly paid at the counter of the BANK of enduring HAPPINESS, eternal in the Heavens, with a fund exhaustless in quantity, and unalloyed in quality.

THE GENERAL CAUSE OF SECURITY
IN SIN.

The cause of this fatal, heart-chilling, soul-killing error, is resolvable in four words -- *presuming on Divine mercy*. The man who reposes on the lap of carnal security reasons thus: "I know myself worthless, yet earth pours its blessings upon me, and Heaven has purchased me with blood. What is to be feared, what is not to be hoped, from such a God? Be my crimes what they may, 'God is Love,' and will interpose, in his own way and time, to save me." Thus citing Scripture to his shame, and the mercies of God to his ruin. It is a

self-evident truth, that "God is Love;" but shall this excuse a man for becoming a monster—a Centaur? All admit there is an admirable unity between the precepts of virtue and the dictates of common reason, and that virtue practised, results in the greatest good to society. He that is not virtuous, can give no satisfactory account why he was born with reason and conscience, and why he desires happiness, being barren of the fruits of all. He transforms himself into a Centaur, and, in his moments of reflection, if he looks at his unnatural features, wonders how he became such a monster—starts back from the mirror, an object of astonishment to himself and others.

This would seem enough to make us abhor vice, even if God was Love to that absurd degree, that the folly of some may fancy, and which their vices most wish and want. But there is no

such love in Him—no mercy unconditional. Repentance, faith, and obedience—the price we must pay. Of man, God has no need—he sees no merit in him. Why, then, this love for a worm!—to-day, crawling out of earth—to-morrow, more despicably dissolving in corruption. It is because man is immortal, and must suffer or enjoy forever. This moved his compassion, his solicitude, his councils held on high. The wonders of his love! how enrapturing! Heaven is astonished, and angels are amazed at its sublime exhibitions.—Men, alone, are dull spectators of its grandeur, and yet presume on this love to save them, although they abuse it every moment they continue to reject the offered terms of mercy. Deep and deplorable is the mistake of those who presume to sin because “God is Love.” Such men make a demonstration of

their danger the basis of their security, because God, solicitous for their welfare, has warned them of approaching danger, and manifested an anxiety for their salvation.

Such men reason badly—and, what is worse, experience is lost upon them. They *know* they must die—most believe, and *all* fear they are immortal—and if immortal, that there is a Heaven for good men, and *may* be a Hell into which the finally impenitent are irrecoverably plunged. Unless our Centaurs lay aside their senses as well as reason, they must not indulge in hopes created by *fancy* only to be blasted by *reality*. Let them no longer turn the indulgence of Heaven into destruction, and gather poison from the tree of life. God is Love—HE is also *terrible* in that love, because it informs us of our portentous danger. “*With the Lord there is mercy, therefore shall he*

be feared." With man there is *immortality*—therefore *should he tremble*—tremble at his own power, by which he will unchangeably fix his own doom for eternity—tremble at his high association if true to himself—angels, his companions—God his friend. But if all these considerations shall but increase presumption, they will fearfully enhance approaching danger, and hasten the awful plunge into the dark abyss, where hope and mercy are lost forever. *Infidels! Men of Pleasure!* awake from your carnal security! flee from the precipice, now crumbling under your feet—come out from the ruins of a fallen world, and dispel the clouds of unrepented guilt. Hoping and confiding, without repenting and reforming—wishing and willing, without sincerely embracing, will never enable you to gain the goal of pure and undefiled religion; without which, God

will be to you, *a consuming fire*. Indifference will strengthen your security—security will increase negligence—these will court temptations—they will insure a fall into that state, when you will imploringly, but vainly wish you had never been born. Again I say, it is a friend who calls—happy will they be, who listen and obey in time.

THOUGHTS FOR AGE.

FOLLY is the favorite of mankind when in the hilarity of life—hence, we are not very anxious that old age should creep upon us, although the period of wisdom, if men are *ever* wise. It is true, *we* have arrived at that point of time—yet we scarce believe it—feel it less, only when fatigue and pain admonish us of the fact, because so familiar with it. *Eternity* has so often passed our *lips*, that it seldom reaches our *hearts*

with proper force. Did it enter *there* with its dread realities, it would extinguish every earth-born passion, as the sun would outshine the smallest spark.

Although we stand on its awful brink, such is our leaden bias towards the world, that we turn our faces the wrong way—look on our old acquaintance—*Time*—now so wasted and reduced, that his *wings* and *scythe* are the only prominent parts left. As our vision grows more dim, his wings appear larger and his scythe keener—his consumption is deep, his annihilation at hand.

Let us turn our eyes from him, to *Eternity*—a happy *Eternity*—the glorious home of the children of God, the kingdom of immortal souls, that have chosen the *better part*, that makes them heirs of endless bliss.

In *Time*, we are in embryo; in *Eternity*, we receive our *real* birth, and enter

upon the aurelia of our existence. We should see well that we are matured for the change. O, my languid fellow-traveller in the deep vale of years, it is high time that our wisdom should be brought into full exercise, lest the greatest of curses should fall upon us—that of being wise too late, the most emphatic definition of a fool. We are worn out to the world; it is worn out to us and quits us, like rats fleeing from a falling house. We should quit it as bees do an exhausted flower: we can extract no more honey from it; its sweets are gone to us. Its delusions, its enchantments, its airy castles, its glittering prospects, its bursting bubbles, its fleeting joys, its deceptive pleasures: all gone to us, and we are left, so far as the *world* is concerned, on a lonely, barren, briery heath, to grope our weary way through the dusk of life, until the last messenger

shall come, set us free, and conduct us to our final home. Let us drop the world, and hold communion with the skies.

It is a good thing to *know* when we have ALL, and laugh at that cheat—MORE—that is ever making war upon our hearts. To *know* this, is as uncommon as it is beneficial. Some old men try to milk the world after it is dry—glean sublunary *straws* when the harvest of life is over—grasping after a *second* crop among the weather-beaten stubble, when they should be perfecting an interest in that golden harvest, that shall profusely crown an eternal year.

As to the narrow pass that is so much feared—the dark subterranean entrance to future life, into which our weak imagination peeps and starts back, like a timorous child at a shadow—thanks to the blessed Gospel, the lamp of

faith will dispel its gloom and light us through.

I have seen a death-bed, the reverse of poor ALTAMONT'S, where the king of terrors was overmatched by Christian faith, resignation and patience. The power of religion shone out, in resplendent glory—nor could any rising suspicion of hypocrisy dim its lustre. In such scenes as these, the human heart is no longer invisible to man—a glimpse of Heaven flashes on all around.

We know what can make us fall calmly into the sleep of death—what can smooth the rough transition, and soften our change into a translation, which neither interrupts our existence or our peace. So, many *have* died—so, all *may* die. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, a compliance with the requirements of the Gospel, and an absolute

resignation to the will of God, will secure a peaceful close of life.

We should leave the cares of the world before they are forced to leave us. There is a noble absence from the world while we are yet on it. There is a noble intimacy with Heaven, while we are yet beneath it. If we fix our affections, and lay up a treasure there, we shall be welcomed, by superior beings, and by the Father of our spirits, to that happy abode, to go no more out forever.

The worldly wishes sent out by an old man, fare worse than *Noah's* dove, they find no rest until they return—and always continue to return empty—they find no olive-branch to indicate the dawn of a brighter day. Our wisdom cannot add to our days, but it should lessen the burdens of life and terrors of death. In youth, to forget we must die,

is folly—in old age, madness—in *all*, presumption.

As the natural powers of men decay and degenerate under the ruthless hand of time, their deformity increases, and it is well to veil them from the public gaze. We should be a little buried to the world, before we are interred beneath its clods. It is the *Piano-Forte* of the devil, on which he plays sweet music, for the dissipation of human thought, and to prevent us from collecting the scattered rays that beam upon us, to a focal point, that our hearts may be fired with pure devotion to the living God. Piety and happiness are synonymous at *all* periods of life—in old age they are more emphatically so. Nothing exposes the weakness of human nature more, than to see a man of gray hairs playing the fool. Hope, the stay of younger years, is no longer his by right.

For him to indulge in the follies of youth, is like bathing for health in the dark fountains of *Alpheus** and *Arethusa*,† instead of the pure waters of *Eridamus*,‡ supposed, by the ancients, to flow from Heaven. Worldly hope is the cordial of life—without happiness, it makes an imaginary happy young

* ALPHEUS, a famous river of Peloponnesus, which rises in Arcadia, and, after passing through Elis and Achaia, falls into the sea. Its fabulous origin is traced to a hunter of the same name, who was changed into a fountain by Diana, because he was in love with her.—*Walker's Clas. Dic.*

† ARETHUSA—a nymph of Elis, daughter of Oceanus, and one of the attendants of Diana. By this goddess, she was changed into a fountain and Alpheus immediately mingled his stream with hers, and Diana opened a secret passage under the earth and under the sea, when these mingled streams disappeared, and rose again in Octygia—so say mythologists.—*Ib.*

‡ ERIDAMUS—one of the largest rivers in Italy, rising in the Alps and falling into the Adriatic sea by several mouths, now called the *Po*. Virgil calls it king of all rivers. In mythology, it is supposed to rise and flow from Heaven.—*Ib.*

man—but as age advances, this wax-candle of the soul burns shorter and dimmer—expires in the socket, and leaves the old candlestick in the dark. Not so, if a candle from the great ARCHITECT of the universe is there. It burns, but never wastes—its light will continue to increase in volume and brilliancy, and shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Let us examine well our lamps, and see if they are filled with the oil of grace—properly trimmed and in order—that they may not fail us when we pass through the valley of the shadow of death. Let us pause on the brink—on the confines of eternity where we now stand, and provide well for our transit from this to the world of spirits. An indulgent Heaven joins my pathetic wish, and ardent angels say, AMEN. Our concurrence will crown their wishes for our welfare with

blissful joy, and when we throw off this mortal coil, they will sing,

“His winter past,
Fair spring at last
Receives him on her flow’ry shore;
Where pleasure’s rose
Immortal blows,
And sin, and sorrow are no more.”

Sincerely your friend and
fellow traveller to ETERNITY.

LETTER V.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

MANY are for degrading their nature, that they may lessen its duties, and look on themselves as insignificant, that they may be profligate with a better grace and excuse. They run voluntarily into error and in the dark, that they may sin without a blush, and frame a lie for an apology. Such *may* not understand the dignity of man, his noble origin, the design of his creation, the eternity of his deathless soul, the magnitude of his powers, and his original destiny. A due sense of the grandeur of man's nature and destination, is his best bulwark against the violent assaults of temptation. Made after the image of God, nearly allied to angels, immortality

stamped upon his soul, the last, the noblest work of creative Wisdom, a legal heir to endless bliss, a candidate for a crown of glory, and *all* within his power. Why then should man descend from the throne of reason, trample in the dust his native dignity, and creep, like the loathsome worm, through the filth and scum created by the follies of this world, and transform himself into a Centaur? Man, as he came from the finishing hand of his Creator, was more than he can conceive—and is still a marvellous being, darting rays of glory beyond the reach of his own sight. It is true, that our great progenitor stained the original image, and transferred it, blotted with the foul spots of sin, to his progeny—but our souls should be enraptured with joy, when we contemplate, that the same almighty hand that stamped immortality on man, has opened a fountain, in which,

if he wash, he is cleansed from every stain and blot, and restored to his native dignity. To contemplate man redeemed, is the sublimest source of human joy—the richest mine of human thought. Nothing but gross ignorance or more fatal Infidelity, can dry up this source, or close the avenues to this mine—a mine, explored but by few, and thoroughly worked by fewer still—a mine, without a knowledge of which, man is a stranger to his noblest powers, and to the pure delights, flowing, in an unceasing stream, from genuine, vital Christianity, filling the soul with the consolations of the Holy Ghost, which this world can neither give or take away. Man should highly reverence his *own* nature, he will then more profoundly adore the Divine. We cannot form a true estimate of strangers—to themselves, most men *are* strangers.

He who truly understands and properly estimates his native dignity, worships and obeys God, and obeying, holds sweet converse with Him through the communications of His spirit. Moses, one of our brethren, conversed with the Almighty, face to face—Abraham was called His friend, and He who made the world, and died to save its meanest tenant, delights to be called the SON OF MAN, and waits anxiously to make all joint heirs of the great Jehovah, who will come to Him and be saved. These thoughts should aggrandize and elevate our nature to a standard far above the enchantments of time and sense—for men are pilgrims and foreigners on earth, have their conversation in Heaven, are fellow-citizens with the saints—are of the household of God.

But the Infidel may say—(the Christian knows better,) “Your high standard

of human nature will engender pride, which goes before a fall." This assertion would prove his utter ignorance of himself. The very reverse is always the result of a thorough acquaintance with ourselves. When we are brought to see the ravages made within by sin, look at the beauties of the grand original, all stained with iniquity, and feel, and know, that the grace of God alone restores us to his favour and our native dignity, pride flies the course, humility takes its place, and our entire dependence on the Almighty preserves an equilibrium. Pride often springs from a conceit in the mind of an individual, that he is superior to his fellows. The true dignity of man is an inherent right, belonging to, and may and should be preserved by *all* men—a dignity that does not exalt one above another. What is too commonly called *dignity*, is of a

lunar kind. Men, of themselves opaque, borrow beams from circumstances of wealth and high stations, which dazzle the eyes of those who are ignorant of their own nature, whose understandings are darkened, who mistake pomp and show for happiness, and wit for wisdom. Of such men, we have a superabundance, with myriads of admirers, attracted by the glare of their light, and, like swarms of insects, rush into the deceptive blaze and die. The load of guilt, resting, with ponderous weight, on these *lunar* grantees, is often enhanced geometrically, by the blood of thousands, led astray by their pernicious examples.

They only have solar, enduring light, who live up to the dignity of their nature—a light that will outlive TIME, and shine through ETERNITY. The more luminous the light, the more we adore the love of God that kindled it on the

altar of pure benevolence and infinite mercy—not because man was meritorious, but because of his immortality. Want of merit strips the Christian of self-righteousness, banishes pride, and clothes him in the comely garment of humility, and fills his undying soul with joys serene and tranquil, and shuts out the clouds and storms of worldly perturbation and care. This paradox to the unregenerate, imparts a holy, hallowed comfort to Christians, inexpressibly superior to the raised delights of the Man of Pleasure, when in the flood-tide of his dangerous, fearful career. And yet this glorious subject is compressed and folded up in millions on millions of minds, like the oak in an acorn, and that acorn planted in a rock of adamant. O for an angel's pen, dipped in holy fire, that I might develope some of the thousand shining lights, locked up in

man unregenerated, that should flash conviction on some poor soul.

Man—what can limit his powers? What thing created more noble than himself? Let him circle the globe—traverse the skies—gaze at the sun and moon—count the stars—unveil the *arcana* of nature—and search for something more to be admired—more worthy of his nature—and he must return to the finished work—the last, the sublimest, the grandest, the noblest work of creative Wisdom—of Almighty power—MAN.

If he will closely examine and fully comprehend his interior, he will behold an immense theatre, with a full company of actors, anxious and competent to perform any part he may assign them, for good or for evil. The renowned “KNOW THYSELF,” was once a *precept*; it is now a *command* from high Heaven, charging us to become familiar with the vast tem-

ple of our souls, designed for the habitation of the Holy Ghost.

As in some master-pieces of perspective, by the pressure of the eye the prospect is opened, and increasing beauties rush upon the delighted beholder—so in this temple, persevering thought and faithful self-examination will open new discoveries, and develope, more and more, our true dignity, and show us what God designed and has done for us. This will inspire the greatest virtue, the parent of our greatest blessings on earth—virtue and blessings lost to all who close this glorious temple—the careless—the devotees of pleasure—the ignorant—the slothful—in short, to all those who believe a lie and reject truth, either directly or by implication.

O, that what has now been written, may be used as a key to open this temple where it is yet closed—that its right-

ful owner may enter its surprising halls and capacious chambers, and read the wonders of Divine love there inscribed. Such a key would be next in value to the key of Heaven. It would open the portals of enduring bliss, unveil the glories of redeemed man, and afford a glimpse of the more refulgent glories of our immaculate Redeemer.

Let us be deeply impressed with these important truths. There is but one God—one great tribunal—one trial—one salvation, and but one wisdom. All else, not subservient to these, is folly of different colors and degrees—gay, grave, wealthy, lettered, domestic, political, civil, military, recluse, ostentatious, high, humble, noble, ignoble, defeat or triumph—all melt away in view of ETERNITY—that awful, inspiring, incomprehensible word, that has often awakened ideas that slept

before, a word that rushes on the mind of man like an avalanche.

Finally, in view of the dignity of man, and the love of God bestowed upon him, how awed, how enraptured, with what prostration of heart, elevation of joy, and gratitude of soul, should we look up from this remote region, this lowest vale of earth, this land of darkness and the shadow of death, this valley of dry bones, this charnel house, through the incumbent clouds of misery and sin, and behold the MAN in Heaven! in the highest Heaven! in union with the most High! in union with our most adored and eternal KING! throned in authority, and to *us*, so superior in power, as to make ceaseless intercession for a world of rebels, rolling in iniquity, the unwearyed advocate of fallen man. How amazing the condescension of DEITY! how wonderful the sublimation of redeemed

MAN ! O blessed revelation ! that opens such wonders—*dreadful* revelation ! if it opens them in vain ! A blessing is freely tendered, nay, *urged* upon *all* ; that blessing, the very shadow of which made the body of the patriarchal and Jewish religion ; that blessing, that was announced by enraptured angels to the shepherds ; that blessing, which is more than an equivalent for Paradise lost ; that blessing, which, if declined, rejected, and set at naught, will recoil upon its despisers, and become to them more terrible than the burning lava from a volcano. Let all be wise in time, that they may be happy in Eternity.

THE CENTAURS RESTORATION TO
HUMANITY.

If I have succeeded in convincing these *animals*, that they have a pearl of great price within them, that they have

an immortal soul that will live through the rolling ages of eternity, a soul that must dwell in the realms of endless bliss, or writhe in endless despair—that they have its weal and wo in their own hands—that happiness and misery are placed before them—that they have the full power of choosing for themselves—in short, if I have convinced them of their true origin, of their native dignity, and of their final destiny—resulting from virtuous conduct on the one hand, and from indulgence in vice on the other,—happiness, the blissful fruits of the one, and misery, the bitter pills of the other—I may indulge a hope, that the *man* will again control the *brute*, by resuming that power delegated to Adam—dominion over the fish, fowls, cattle, earth, and every creeping thing on the earth. Then the dark agents that entice men from allegiance to their God and them-

selves will vanish, and a flood of light will rush upon their restored and delighted vision, reason will dawn, a moral day will break upon them, they will again be MEN. One will burn his *Bolingbroke*, another his *Volney's Ruins*, another will pay his debts, another take a pew in church, one curses his delay, vows to pray directly, falls on his knees, like *Cæsar's* horse, rises with a sigh, determines to be master of himself before to-morrow. Another pays over all his gains by gambling to the founding hospital; another relieves the piercing poverty of a widow and orphans, made such by his own ruthless, blood-stained hands upon the field of *false* honor; and many more resolve to abandon vice, burst the bands that have so long held them in bondage, throw off the gilded trappings of Pleasure, and again stand erect on two feet, in all the majestic

dignity of MAN. Others approve, and faintly wish a restoration to humanity, but are careless and indolent. They would like to be good, but have not moral courage enough to repudiate the quadruped. Although quite affected at heart, they are awed by fashion, are vain to be called *fine* Men, are ashamed to recognise their native dignity, and thus remain fools that they may walk on all fours. These moral fops are little men in Centaur's skins—coward virtue in masquerade. Others still look on the noble *quadruped* as superior to the MAN. Those who are truly desirous and manfully determined to escape for their lives, soon exhibit a mighty change—gradual but plainly visible. One sheds a mane, another drops a tail, and, alas! for gin shops, others drop their *horns*. Some apply the lunar caustic of the publican to remove the hair more rapidly—some

are astonished to see slender fingers protruding through hoofs, mollified to flesh by their penitential tears—all call for dresses suited to the human shape, pleasures suited to the human mind, for rational improvement and employments, for Bibles, prayer books, debt books, faithful friends, and proper objects of charity and benevolence.

Others are much affected by the changes around them, and, like dancing dogs, raise themselves erect for a time, but soon tire, then hop on three legs, and finally plant themselves on all fours, become Centaurs for life, and retire to *Bolingbroke* castle, deeming it impregnable because encircled by *Acheron*,* and its proud battlements threatening

* *ACHERON*—a river of Thesprotia in Epirus. Homer calls it one of the rivers of Hell, and the fable has been adopted by all succeeding poets. The word *Acheron*, is often translated Hell.—*Walk. Clas. Dic.*

Heaven. There *Chiron** bends his bow, there the Centaurs increase in number and boldness, wearing frontlets of brass on their foreheads, and the *Æstriplex* of *Horace* on their breasts, led on by men of letters, whose quills are more fatal than those of the porcupine, waging a war upon their former colleagues, now erect, clothed in their right minds, and ready to do battle for their rightful Lord and Master.

This castle was built out of the va-

* *CHIRON*—a Centaur, half man and half horse, son of *Philyra* and *Saturn*—was famous for his knowledge of music, medicine, and shooting. He taught mankind the use of plants and medicinal herbs—he instructed, in all the polite arts, the greatest heroes of his age, such as *Achilles*, *Esculapius*, *Hercules*, &c. He was wounded in the knee by a poisoned arrow, by *Hercules*, in his pursuit of the Centaurs. *Hercules* flew to his assistance, but as the wound was incurable, and caused excruciating pain, *Chiron* begged *Jupiter* to deprive him of immortality, and he was placed, by this god of mythology, among the constellations, under the name of *Sagittarius*.—*Walk. Clas. Dic.*

rious ruins of many demolished forts of Infidelity, pompously put together, faced over with a material more shining than solid, and cemented with untempered mortar. But it must fall as did ancient Babylon. Christianity will be the *Cyrus*, to turn the course of its Euphrates from its present channel, and will march its forces within the walls, demolish all that is profane—but, unlike the Oriental conqueror, will endeavour to *save*, not destroy the inhabitants.

Arrayed in decent apparel, not embroidered with the gewgaws of fashion, the new converts call a council, and resolve, nobly resolve to enlist under the blood-stained banner of the Cross, and come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. VICTORY is their motto, and well may they expect to conquer *others* who have first conquered *themselves*. They are now restored to humanity, they

are redeemed and bask in the clear sunshine of God's love—they can go on their way rejoicing with joy inexpressible.

But oh! how horrible the last hours of those who remain Centaurs to the end. As dissolution approaches, the sky darkens; thunders roll; the ground trembles under them; a sulphureous smoke suffocates them. Ravens croak, owls scream, friends shriek, demons laugh; Hell opens, and they sink to rise no more. They groan, they are foundered; the final blow is struck, they disappear, and leave nothing as a legacy to posterity, but the deep foot-prints of their dark, black, cloven feet, in the dirty path of life which they have trod. As they enter their new abode, they are abashed at a more hideous change from Centaurs. Seeking where to hide, a formidable Phantom appears, with a coronet dropping from his head, and a huge volume

in his hand, and, by the magic of the first *philosophy*, a sudden *Pandemonium* rises, like a pestilential exhalation, for the welcome and well adapted situation of them all. They are no longer clad in fine linen; no longer fare sumptuously every day; no longer color their faces to hide pimples or wrinkles; *all* are blotted into the deepest black, as if, like *Achilles*,* they had been dipped in the river *Styx*,† and like him, are wounded in the heel.

* *ACHILLES*, the son of Peleus and Thetis, was the bravest of all the Greeks in the Trojan war. During his infancy, Thetis plunged him in the river Styx, and made every part of his body invulnerable, except the heel, by which she held him. He slew Hector, the bulwark of Troy, tied the corpse by the heels to his chariot, and dragged it three times round the walls of that city. He then permitted old Priam to carry away the body. In the tenth year of the war, Achilles was charmed with Polyxena, and as he solicited her hand in the temple of Minerva, Paris aimed an arrow at his vulnerable heel, of which wound he died.—*Walker's Clas. Dic.*

* *STYX*—a small river of Nonaius, in Arcadia, whose

CONCLUSION.

WE have now the picture of man before us, taken from several different positions. We have seen this marvellous being metamorphosed from his original form into an Infidel—a Man of Pleasure—a Centaur, and transformed back, by grace, to his native dignity. We have contemplated the present and future condition of the good and bad man. The one, guided by faith and virtue, fulfils the design of his creation, and prepares for the future—the other, being governed by appetite and sense, caters

waters were so cold and venomous, that they proved fatal to all who drank of them. They consumed iron and broke all vessels put in them. The wonderful properties of these waters suggested the idea, that it was a river of Hell, especially, as it disappeared in the earth a little below its fountain head.—*Ib.*

only for the *present*, and, with the capacity of being wise, becomes the more a fool. His *present* is so dear that his *future* runs to ruin. As ignorance of ourselves teems with Infidelity, so a knowledge of our own hearts is the fast friend of faith. The natural growth of an Infidel is a beast—by God uncreated, by Adam unnamed. That defect, Adam's meanest son has supplied, by writing CENTAUR in the horrid gap which the bold Infidel has made, by the desperate erasure of his Christian name. If this cognomen is thought opprobrious, let not the *brute* any longer run away with the *man*, lest something more dreadful run away with the brute, and a worse name and fate be the consequence.

As the face of the globe was deformed by the flood, so is the original place of human nature deranged by the deluge of iniquity, now sweeping over our wide-

spread and increasing country. By large and frequent immigrations of sensualities, and other deserters from humanity, mankind is thinned, and the brute creation overstocked. Of all brutes, he is the greatest, who is a volunteer in brutality—the self-made brute, a brute, not by the *decree*, but by the *abuse* of nature—the *strange* brute, with the vesture, voice, and face of a man—the brute *mysterious*, irrationally rational, and deplorably immortal.

Although this picture of Centaurs may not be drawn by a master-hand, the likeness will be recognised by *all*, but those it best represents. If *they* would spoil my work, they must mend their lives and discipline their *own* hearts to be revenged on *me*. If all become *good* men, what I have written may then be treated as fabulous. Until then, their censures recoil on themselves, and by

falsely condemning, make the likeness more just.

If *Centaur* sounds too grating on the ear, change it to *Slave*, and instead of making free with your *form*, I will rattle your *chains*, your galling infamous chains, forged in Pandemonium and worn upon earth. Until man knows himself, and has his hard heart and stubborn will subdued by grace, he endures the most cruel bondage—madly prefers the heavy shackles of his lusts and the scourges of conscience, to the liberty of the sons of God. He grows proud under his task-masters, triumphs in infamy, and seems to imagine, that in flights of folly and riot unrestrained, he may become the hero of the ring, and receive the fulsome plaudits of kindred slaves. If he can perform great feats in the *gymnasium* of sensuality, he imagines himself a *great* man, forgetting, that he only is *great*,

who preserves, untarnished, his native dignity—makes the whole creation and its Creator the *circumference*, and his own *true* interest, the *centre* of his thoughts. *He* can weigh, in perpetual and equal balances, right and wrong, body and soul, time and eternity—and so weighing, he is not over anxious for less than the greatest good his nature admits, and God has promised to bestow. In using our best efforts to obtain the supreme good, we manifest the true greatness of man. Without this, king, hero, philosopher, *Cæsar*,* *Bolingbroke*,

* CÆSAR, CAIUS JULIUS, the first Roman emperor, the son of Lucius Cæsar and Aurelia, daughter of Cotta, was born at Rome one hundred years B. C. and lost his father at the age of sixteen years. Being connected by marriage with the faction of Marius, his destruction was resolved on by Sylla. By his friends, he was persuaded to alter his mind, but told them, they would one day repent that his life was spared. Cæsar became very popular with the people—filled the offices of chief pontiff and prætor—obtained the

Newton,* a fiddler, a tumbler, a beggar, may all be marshalled into one promiscuous squad, when they shall stand be-

government of Spain—formed the first triumvirate with Pompey and Crassus, and 59 B. C. became consul of Rome. When his consulship expired, he received the command of Gaul, reduced the people to subjection—defeated the German tribes—twice invaded Britain—put Pompey to flight—was declared dictator, then consul a second time—drove the Egyptians—subdued Pharnaces, king of Pontus—defeated Scipio and Cato in Africa—subjugated Spain—and was the triumphant conqueror of all who did not submit to his rule, and was crowned emperor of Rome. A conspiracy was finally formed against him by Brutus, Cassius, and others, and, on the 15th day of March, 44 B. C. he fell in the senate chamber, pierced with twenty-three wounds. He was an eloquent orator, a finished writer, and a man of science. We are indebted to him for the reformation of the calendar. His commentaries are the only production from his pen now extant.—*Dav. Biog. Dic.*

* NEWTON, SIR ISAAC, was born at Colsterworth, in Lincolnshire, England, on the 25th December, 1642. He was a profound philosopher, an acute mathematician, and became familiar with mechanism and drawing. In 1667, he obtained a fellowship; in 1669 was appointed professor of mathematics in Cambridge

fore the burning throne of the great Jehovah. Each of them had his admirers, his flashes of earthly glory: his kindred spirits may have flattered him, but when death came, he made no distinction, and when God judges, earthly renown weighs nothing in the scale of eternal justice. I know some have turned Infidels to prove their freedom and greatness: hanging themselves would be as consistent and less pernicious to the public mind. He is *most* free, who obeys the gospel; he is *most* wise, who best knows himself; he is *most* happy, who fears God

college, and in 1671, became a member of the Royal Society. It was during his abode at Cambridge, that he made his three great discoveries—fluxions—the nature of light and colors—and the laws of gravitation. To the latter of these, his attention was first turned, by seeing an apple fall from a tree, which unfolded to the world the theory of the universe, which was published in 1687. After filling many important stations, with honor to himself and country, he died, on the 20th of March, 1727.—*Ib.*

and keeps his commandments. The light of his countenance is the sun of the human soul, and its genial rays impart true felicity. It is true, the world has much of *moonshine* in it, producing no vivifying heat, no solid satisfaction. To love and labor for our great Creator, is the *great* lesson and *true* pleasure of human life.

To that tremendous power, which alone is *truly* great and good, in whose favor is all light, life, hope, peace, joy, and salvation—be adoration and praise, that he has enabled us to gain a triumphant victory over the *Rebel, Fool, Slave, and Centaur* of our souls. And may our hearts swell with lively gratitude towards the God of all grace, and constantly pant for the rivers of enduring and substantial Pleasure at his right hand: and may we carefully avoid the rocks on which the INFIDEL and MAN OF

PLEASURE—the CENTAUR are wrecked by thousands, and, with unshaken faith and unyielding virtue be more and more confirmed, until we shall be called to our final home, our eternal rest.

With an anxious, feeling, bleeding heart, I look on CENTAURS. O that they would obey the dictates of reason, of common sense. I feel the strong workings of humanity in my soul, as I am about to leave them, and say FAREWELL—until we meet before the dread tribunal of the great Jehovah. I leave with them this small legacy, urging, in the spirit of love and kindness, their reformation—warning them to flee from the wrath to come, by again assuming their native dignity, and becoming MEN in the fullest sense of the term.

Reason, common sense, past experience, passing events, Heaven, death, their immortal souls, the final judgment

—*all* combine to enforce upon them the necessity, the interest, the advantage, the present happiness and future felicity, arising from a preparation to meet their God, on that awful day, when they shall see, with overwhelming amazement,

Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and a world on fire.

When that terrible day of the Lord shall come, Christians will look, with calm serenity, on the wreck of nature and the crush of worlds, and hail the KING of Glory with songs of triumph, as they meet Him in mid Heaven. None but the truly pious can contemplate that awful day, and sing with the poet, to their glorious and glorified Redeemer,

“When the tribes of wickedness are strown
Like forest leaves in th’ autumn of thine ire,
Faithful and true! thou still will save thine own!
The saints shall dwell within th’ unharmed fire
Each white robe spotless! blooming every palm,
Ev’n safe as we, by this still fountain’s side,

So shall thy church, thy bright and mystic bride
 Sit on the stormy gulph, a halcyon bird of calm :
 Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
 O'er us, the rainbow of thy mercy shines ;
 We hail, we bless the cov'nant of its beam,
 Almighty to avenge—almight'st to redeem."

Reader, do you, can you, *dare* you
 doubt the existence of a great first Cause,
 an Almighty Creator, a Being, who rules
 with unerring wisdom, in the Kingdoms
 Nature, Providence, and Grace, merely
 because you cannot comprehend God ?

"How can the less the greater comprehend ?
 Or finite reason reach infinity ?
 For what could fathom God, were more than He.
 Is there no God ? The stars in myriads spread
 In rich profusion, the blasphemy deny.
 Man, your own features in the mirror read,
 Reflect the image of Divinity.
 Is there no God ? The stream that silver flows,
 The air you breathe, the ground you tread, the trees,
 The flow'rs, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,
 All speak of God ! throughout, one voice agrees,
 And eloquent his dread existence shows !
 Blind to thyself, ah, see Him, fool, in these."

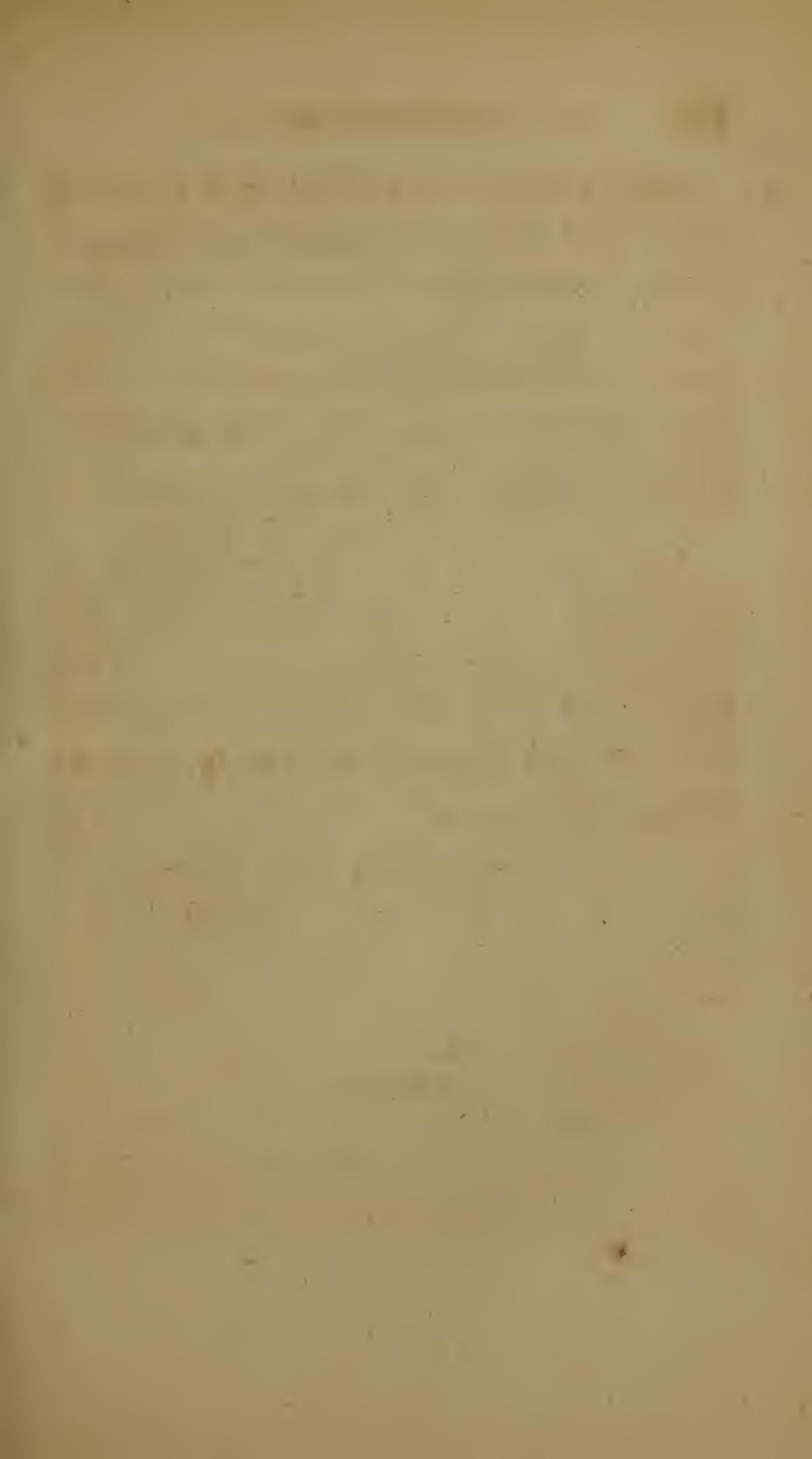
But, if there *is* a God, you say he is LOVE, and will not punish according to our creed of faith.

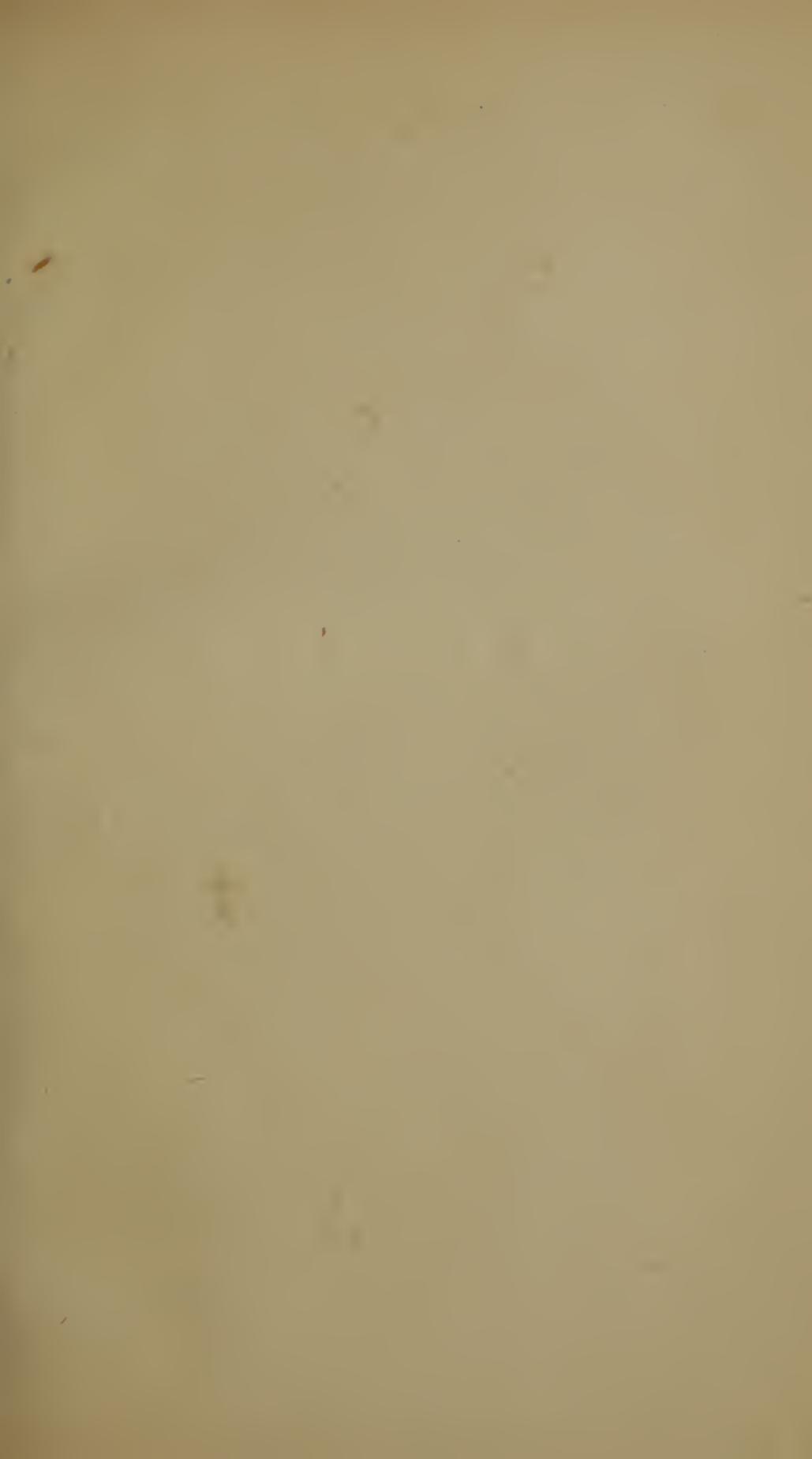
“Can love allure, or can terror awe?
He weeps! the falling drop puts out the sun!
He sighs! the sigh earth’s deep foundation shakes!
If in his love so terrible! what then
His wrath inflam’d! His tenderness on fire?”

Reader, there is a God—prepare to meet Him before it shall be too late, and you will be compelled to say, in all the anguish of keen remorse—**THE HARVEST IS PAST, THE SUMMER IS ENDED, AND MY SOUL IS NOT SAVED.**

Sincerely your friend,
Adieu.

THE END.





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